

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## "V.A.D."

We in the busy ward  
 Stay not to dream; for God has closed  
     our eyes  
 Lest, fronted by your giant sacrifice,  
 O brothers maimed and pale,  
 The hearts that seek to serve you,  
     faint and fail!

We, handmaids of your pain, pass on-  
     ward  
 And speak not of your glory; God has  
     hung  
 His silence on our lips, lest praises sung  
 Scare your mirth-makings.  
 And break your happy talk of trivial  
     things.

This be our sacrifice,  
 You who have given all for one great  
     Dream!  
 Steadfast enduring at the sober task  
 Of days and nights that seem  
 Gray-winged and glamourless—we will  
     not ask  
 For flashing visions of an earlier day;  
 And—if it serve you, brothers—dream-  
     less be our way!

Hither have brought us  
 Those years wherein we chased the fly-  
     ing moon,  
 Sought the blue roses, sailed the seas of  
     June—  
 Into this quiet shade  
 Where Vision sleeps, and Youth to rest  
     is laid.

Through song and laughter, through  
     the woods of Spring  
 (Our youth had taught us)  
 We came with dancing step and lute  
     playing  
 Most tender-sweet,  
 Only for this—to kneel and wash your  
     feet.

O Sacrament unguessed beside the  
     lowly bed!  
 Not you, not you alone  
 Wait on our care. Perchance there  
     waiteth One  
 (And yet we cannot see)

Who for our sake hath walked among  
     the dead;  
 Whose Feet His daughters wash, as  
     once in Bethany.

Yet, if He will,  
 His Hand be on our eyes, that we go  
     sightless still.

*Mary-Adair Macdonald.*  
 The Spectator.

## THE STRAIT OF DARDANELLES.

Though the high Greeks' ancestral race  
 A thousand years sail'd to destroy,  
 Past Lemnos Isle and Samothrace,  
 The cloud-born pirate fort of Troy—  
 They fell not for a Helen's face  
     To hoard for kings her beauty's  
     joy—  
 They died to burst the Asian robbers'  
     gate,  
 And send Athena shining through the  
     iron strait  
     On lifted shield.

Ah dead Greeks, never lose your pride!  
 Asia shall yield to you once more:  
 And beak'd ships of the freemen ride  
     Past Holy Wisdom's temple-door—  
 Across the Hellespont's astride  
     Power darker than the Minotaur;  
 But in your Goddess Virgin's stormy  
     wake  
 Again shall we the sea-path into free-  
     dom break  
     That you reveal'd.

*Herbert Trench.*  
 The London Chronicle.

## RETURN.

You far away—you know  
     That when the wine-cup reddens o'er  
     the lake  
     I call to you a thousand leagues  
     apart,  
 From the sheer confines of the world,  
     and lo,  
 All golden for your sake,  
     Spring dimples through the door-  
     way of my heart.

*From the Chinese of Ou-Yang Hsiu.*  
 (A.D. 1007-1072.)

## WAR AND POLITICS IN AMERICA.

Opposition to American participation in the war was, until a short time ago, to be found among the Germans, Russians, and Irishmen resident in the United States. German opposition was made ineffective by the actions of the German Government, and such German sympathizers as now see fit to continue their activities are regarded as the common enemy. Such Russian and Hebrew opposition to the Allies as there was in America has been largely done away with by the fall of the Russian autocracy. Of the three antagonisms to the Allied cause there still remains the so-called Irish influence, which is, in a sense, "within the camp."

The number of Irish in America who are actively, directly or indirectly, in league with Germany through antagonism to England is very small, but the number who feel strongly upon Irish matters is very large. That nearly one-half of the members of the American House of Representatives should sign a memorial to the British Government asking a settlement of the "Irish question" is significant. That many distinguished, influential, and disinterested Americans should express themselves openly and strongly along similar lines is equally so. Many of these appeals to the British Government and many of these expressions urging a settlement of the disturbed relations between the English and the Irish have been published in England, and English comment upon this so-called "interference" has not been entirely friendly. American comment upon what is alleged to be "a purely British internal affair" is resented in some quarters with considerable bitterness.

There can be only one excuse for this, and that is a lack of understanding

and appreciation of the fact that the English-Irish question hardly exceeds in importance to the present world situation the Irish-American question. There are today in the United States 1,400,000 people who were born in Ireland, a number nearly equal to one-third of the present population of Ireland, and there are now in America many more people who were born in Ireland or whose parents or grandparents were born in Ireland than there are now at home in Ireland. The Irish in America have become an active, intelligent, enterprising, and thrifty race. Some of them have risen to the highest political, social, industrial, or financial positions, and nearly all of them or their forbears left Ireland because of conditions or wrongs for which they held the English Government responsible.

In the earlier days of Irish immigration into America these people did the manual work of the country, more especially did they become knights of the pick and shovel, bending their backs to the task of extending the pioneer railways across the American continent. In recent years, however, the Italians have taken their place, and Irish-American energies have sought and found more lucrative fields of activity. The Irish are practical politicians and natural orators. Some years ago the so-called "Irish vote" was considered well worth cultivation by all politicians who sought office. Latterly it has not been so much to the fore because the electorate is now so numerous and so diversified as to racial origin that no one class of voters holds a balance of power, and the Irish vote is swamped in innumerable other voting elements equally powerful as to numbers.

In intelligence and enterprise, how-

ever, the Irish community leads the others, and any cause that arouses the sympathy and interest of the Irish-Americans cannot be ignored in politics or the conduct of the Government. It is the desire of the American people that the whole weight of the nation be thrown into the scales in an attempted settlement of the war. The Irishman, genuinely pro-Ally or not, with his soul steeped in the "woes of Ireland" throughout his own generation and those preceding him, sees in the present need of England a chance to further the cause of his native land. He may be strongly pro-Ally, and most of them are, but he is not averse to using American intervention in the war as a lever upon the British Government.

For this reason certain Irish forces have been at work to hamper the American Government and to delay important action, asking, in return for complete acquiescence in a vigorous war program, that pressure be brought to bear towards the fulfilment of Irish ambitions. When, therefore, an American of other than Irish extraction expresses the hope that some solution of the Irish question may soon be found, it is not that he has any thought of impertinent interference in Irish-English affairs, but that he is seeking a solution of his own problems of government and casting about to remove all opposition to swift and effective action on the part of the United States in the cause against Germany.

The manner in which a settlement of the Irish question shall be brought about by the British Government is a matter of no concern to America excepting in its possible reflex action upon the Irish-American situation, which while not acute is always troublesome, and at this particular time affects the Allies unfavorably in America. These remarks apply to the

vast majority of the American Irish. With the small but active revolutionary Irish influence that makes its headquarters in America the people of the United States have little patience and no sympathy. In the natural course of events the promoters thereof will be dealt with as alien enemies, for in effect they are outspoken allies of Germany as against the country now giving them shelter. It is not the influence of these men that inspires American hope for a settlement of the Irish-English controversy, for it is as well understood in America as in England that no settlement which could be brought about would be considered as satisfactory by the Irish extremists. If the British Government can hit upon some plan that will satisfy the majority of the Irish and be accepted by them as a reasonable solution of existing troubles, the extreme Irish revolutionaries would have no excuse for their activities and could and would be looked upon in America as enemies of the United States.

For the reason given American interest in the Irish question bears no likeness to an interference in the internal affairs of another nation. English resentment has even gone so far as to ask how America would like it if the English people made suggestions concerning what is called in England "the American negro problem." Allowing for the sake of argument that there was such a problem, the Allies would have a perfect right to express to the American Government that some attempt be made to solve the problem—if such a problem hindered in any way the carrying on of the war, or if there were several million negroes in England voting or otherwise agitating against or obstructing pro-American action. The two situations are not on all fours.



For the information and comfort of those who fear trouble in America from the negroes let it be said that, in the first place, there is no real negro problem in the United States such as has existed in the imagination of Europe for a long time past, and, in the second place, that the negroes of the United States are pro-American and as such are now doing service for the Allies on the farms and in the workshops, and when the time comes they will be found in the army in just proportion as they are comprised in the total population. Some of them are already fighting in France. A number of regiments in the regular army of the United States are composed solely of negroes, many have volunteered since America came into the war, and in the end enforced service will apply to them the same as it will to the whites. The American negro has already proved himself to be a good soldier, and if given the opportunity will win new laurels in the present war. The present racial conditions in America owing to the war are that, if called upon to name the greatest problems of government yet to be solved by the American people, it is doubtful whether an intelligent citizen familiar with all parts of his native land would find a place among them for the so-called "negro problem."

Since the declaration of war against Germany, international politics have almost completely taken the place of local issues in the minds of the American people and in the proceedings of the Government, both legislative and executive. Participation in the war has, of course, eliminated the pro-German from public life in that he must now keep his opinions to himself, and if in public life he must at least make a show of patriotism. The anti-Russians have also been deprived of their thunder. The anti-British,

with the exception of a few Irish extremists, have been compelled to modify their tone, and their fulminations are now confined to what America must stand for in the peace negotiations to come. The Irish question has not been made a real issue, but its discussion has occupied much valuable time and indirectly has served as a drag on the wheels of progress towards preparedness. This has been abetted by all those who are opposed to the United States taking a really active part in the war and to the sending of an American army to France.

But the vivid appeal made by Marshal Joffre and others of the Allied missions for the appearance of the Stars and Stripes upon French soil proved irresistible to many who at first doubted the wisdom of such an expedition before an army of at least a million men was brought together, trained and equipped.

The attitude of the experts of the American War Department can easily be understood, for upon their shoulders falls the burden of preparation for a long war, and they are well aware of the enormous labor involved in training, equipping, and transporting even four divisions from the United States to Europe and of keeping up the necessary supplies of men, food, and material; for the American army abroad would have to be on its own to avoid increasing the strain upon the resources of the Allies in Europe. All of this work must be carried on while the American army at home is in the making.

There is an idea behind the proposed expeditionary force, however, that in the carrying out might be worth a great deal to the nation. Its arrival in Europe would hearten the Allies, depress the people of the Central Powers, and strengthen amazingly the tie between America and her fighting partners. It would bring

the war home to the American people with greater force than could anything else, and in this direction alone it would be well worth the sending; for there is still some feeling of unreality about American participation to many Americans.

The new Army Bill, not yet completed at this writing, provides for enforced military service by selective draft. The military age is from twenty-one to thirty years, and the United States Government will have ten million men between these ages to draw upon for military purposes. In the meantime recruiting for the Services already in existence has been proceeding. One-third of the men authorized as an increase in the regular army have been secured, and the enlistments for the navy are well up to requirements. In view of the fact that conscription will come into force in a few weeks, it is to be expected that volunteers will not be as numerous as if the country was going to depend entirely for its army upon that source, and no strenuous campaign to secure voluntary enlistments will be undertaken.

The reception given to the Allied missions has surpassed all expectations, and the members of those missions have risen splendidly to the occasion. Mr. Balfour was at once taken to the heart of a nation of people who have long admired and honored him for his deeds and accomplishments. In all he has said and done he has justified their previous convictions, and he leaves America better known and standing higher in American opinion and regard than any visitor from a foreign land in modern times. With the departure of the Allied missions from America the congratulatory stage of the war, so far as America is concerned, may be said to have passed, and sterner business is now in hand. It is realized

by those upon whom responsibility falls that action cannot follow too quickly. The navy, naturally always prepared, is already at work upon the high seas. No time has been lost in the fields of finance and industry or in giving to the Government such extraordinary powers as are necessary in war time. Some of the powers asked for by the Government have been refused by Congress, such as complete control over the Press, but such legitimate objects as are to be achieved can probably be secured under the ordinary military power of a Government at war. There has been little direct trouble with enemy aliens since the declaration of war, though enemy influence has been apparent in action taken to influence legislation. It is believed that the German Government is restraining its hand against Americans, both in the United States and in Germany, in the hope that in good time the Washington Government may lend a more willing ear to peace proposals. So marked has been this evidence of German restraint that from it have already sprung many peace rumors. These became so persistent during the month of May that a semi-official statement from Washington was considered advisable to the effect that any peace proposals made to America would be referred to the Allies for final disposal. It may be expected that this sort of thing will continue with variations until peace finally comes, but as nothing as yet suggested from Berlin touches upon the issues that carried America into the war, the idea of an early peace may be dismissed from the mind. It has been the effort of President Wilson and others prominent in American public life to impress upon the American people the extreme probability of a war that may last for some time to come, and this effort has been ably seconded by Mr. Balfour, Marshal

Joffre, and, in fact, by all the members of the Allied missions visiting America.

The people of the United States have responded to the calls made upon them by the Allies with promptness and in the order of their urgency. Money was asked for first and it was at once forthcoming. The request for assistance in combating submarine warfare was answered with alacrity. Naval aid, cargo ships, inventive genius, and industrial accomplishment were at once concentrated on the problem, and the results will soon be forthcoming. Among other burdens assumed by America has been the financing of the relief work in Belgium and Northern France. Nine regiments of engineers are being sent immediately to the French lines. Several thousand medical men are on their way to France and to England. These are but a few of the evidences afforded that America has taken her place with right good will in the ranks of those who are determined to force upon the German Government the meaning of a world array against it. The greatest task of all, the raising of a vast army trained and equipped for modern war, is in its inception, but in time it will have its being, and if the war be not at an end before that day America will send reinforcements to the firing-line that must and will largely aid in setting a date for the return of peace to a war-weary and stricken world.

There is already criticism by the American people and Press of the methods of the Washington Government, and this is but the beginning. There are stormy times ahead for those in authority, as there have been

The Fortnightly Review.

stormy times in the past two years for all those who have conducted the affairs of the nations of Europe. Both evil and good may come out of such criticism. It is the lives and the money of the people that are jeopardized through mismanagement, and those who give have the right to demand wisdom in expenditure. Ministers come and Ministers go, generals are acclaimed and generals are retired, some with honors and some without, but the war goes on, and the political fate of no one man or no Government is of importance as against the shortening of the war by a single hour. President Wilson has been severely criticised in the past, but what he has undergone in the past will be as a summer zephyr compared to the blasts that will rage about him as America gets deeper into the conflict and the mistakes or incapacities of those about him are charged to his account.

It is a political axiom in America that a war makes a President. President Taylor was the result of the Mexican War, Grant of the Civil War, and Roosevelt, indirectly, of the war against Spain. Who will become President of the United States as an outcome of the war against Germany is unwritten history as yet. The obvious prophecy would be Roosevelt, and in this idea is to be found the mainspring of much of the political opposition to a Roosevelt expeditionary army. Much water will run under the mill before these things are determined, however, and in the meantime the world is occupied with a gigantic task before which all others fade into insignificance.

*James Davenport Whelpley.*

## SIDELIGHTS ON THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

I was fortunate enough to be in Russia with the Anglo-Russian Hos-

pital for eighteen months previous to the Revolution, and during that time

I had ample opportunity of hearing many expressions of opinion. When the Revolution burst it came as a surprise, as although for the few months preceding the outbreak people of all classes talked freely of a possible revolution the general opinion was that nothing would take place until after the war. Professor Miliukov, in his famous speech delivered in the Duma on November 14, said: "You cannot conduct a domestic war when you are fighting an external enemy." Strikes and disturbances were feared at the opening of the Duma in February, but the streets were placarded with appeals to workmen to refrain from making demonstrations which might affect the efficient conduct of the war. It was thought inadvisable to hamper the Duma when it first met by riots which might provide the Emperor with an excuse for closing it altogether; an act which would probably have fanned the smouldering flame of discontent into a blaze of revolution all over the country.

All through the winter, which was of a severity unknown since the year of Napoleon's Russian campaign, the food question grew more and more acute. Owing, apparently, to bad organization and scarcity of transport there was a real shortage of bread. Prices had gone up by leaps and bounds. Some of the necessities of life were very difficult to obtain. It was a common sight to see long lines of women, children, and even well-dressed people outside a baker's shop waiting for bread or sugar. Frequently they waited patiently for hours, notwithstanding a bitter temperature of 30 to 50 degrees of frost, taking up their stand as early as 2 A.M. (the shops opened at 8 A.M.) in order to make certain of getting bread. All day these long queues of patient and shivering people were to be seen outside the

bread-shops. Small wonder that the people began to be restive with a Government that did nothing to ameliorate this stage of affairs.

For some time past the Government had been greatly discredited, especially since Rasputin's death, by revelations of the sinister and evil influence that he was known to have possessed with many high officials, in particular with Protopopoff, the much-hated and mistrusted Minister of the Interior, who was held responsible for the food shortage.

The immediate incidents that led to the Revolution were comparatively trivial. On Thursday afternoon, March 8 (February 23, Russian date), a poor woman entered a bread shop on the Morskaiia, the Bond Street of Petrograd, and asked for bread. She was told that there was none. On leaving the shop she saw some in the window; she broke the window and took it. A general, passing in his motor, stopped and remonstrated with her. A crowd at once collected, and the incident ended by the general's motor being smashed. The crowd, increasing in size all the time, then paraded the streets, asking for bread. The same afternoon, on the other side of the river, where the working men and factories are, a factory hand on his return home beat his wife because she had failed to procure bread for his meal. The neighboring women ran in and confirmed the woman's story that she had waited several hours outside a bread-shop only to be told on gaining admission that there was none. The men joined in the discussion and agreed that it was not the woman's fault, and that it was better to strike and make a demonstration in the streets, demanding bread.

On Friday, March 9, nothing unusual happened until midday, when crowds began to collect, composed of a large number of well-to-do people as

well as workingmen. Strong patrols of Cossacks were in the streets quietly riding among the people, who were all in the best of humor. No greater acts of violence took place than the overturning of one or two trams, and the removal of the driving handles of many others, thereby causing the tram service to be very irregular during that day. In the afternoon on the Nevski, opposite the Kasan Cathedral, a big crowd assembled. The Prefect of Police, driving up in his car, ordered the officer commanding a patrol of Cossacks to charge the people with drawn swords. The officer replied, "Sir, I cannot give such an order, for the people are only asking for bread." Whereupon the people cheered loudly, and were cheered in return by the Cossacks.

On Saturday, March 10, the Duma had a more or less quiet sitting, at which the situation was discussed. The Minister of Agriculture made a speech, saying that there was plenty of bread in the town, but that through faulty distribution many of the small bakeries had been overlooked. The organization of the food-supply was then handed over by the Government to the municipal authorities.

Towards twelve o'clock great crowds collected again, the factory hands having all come out on strike. The Cossacks treated the people with great gentleness and refused to charge or use their whips. In many places they received an ovation, such sympathetic conduct on their part being almost unknown in Russian history. On one occasion when a Cossack fell off his horse the crowd gently picked him up and put him on again. Very different was the behavior of the police, who used the backs of their swords in their efforts to prevent crowds assembling. In the afternoon an officer in an *istvostchik*, who had evidently annoyed the people,

was suddenly removed from his *istvostchik* and swallowed up by the crowd. We, who witnessed the scene, wondered what had happened to him, when his sword, bent double, was lifted over the heads of the crowd from hand to hand and dropped into the Fontanka Canal, after which he was allowed to go free. In the evening about five o'clock a man was killed on the Anitchkoff Bridge, probably by a shot from a policeman in a window. Half an hour later one of the heads of the police was killed by a bomb on the Nevski. Some shooting took place by the police in various parts of the town, and the Cossacks charged the crowds. Martial law was proclaimed and posters put up in the streets warning people to keep to their houses next day. At night the lights were extinguished on the Nevski, and a searchlight played down the street from the Admiralty.

Sunday was a glorious, sunny, cloudless day, and as on the two previous mornings no crowd collected until midday. Everything seemed quiet, and although we had been told that something would happen at three o'clock, we hoped a peaceful arrangement would be arrived at, as the municipality had been entrusted with the distribution of food. About three o'clock, on looking out of the hospital windows on the Nevski, we saw crowds walking about in the same rather aimless, good-humored way as on Friday and Saturday, and although when lined up across the Nevski about ten deep they could easily have been moved by half a dozen men on horseback riding through them, the police, one hundred yards farther down the road, lay down in the snow and fired a volley into the people, who all fell on to their faces and crawled away on their hands and knees into the side streets, leaving about a dozen killed and wounded. It was a case of quite



unnecessary provocation on the part of the police, as the people had done nothing to merit the attack, and until we saw the killed and wounded we thought the police had fired blank cartridges. At the same hour all the way up the Nevski and also in other parts of Petrograd the soldiers and police took similar action. There was a rumor that the police were dressed up as soldiers in order to make the people believe that it was the troops who fired upon them, and not the police. Whether this was true or not I do not know. Ambulances were carrying wounded up and down the Nevski all the afternoon. The bridges over the Neva were guarded with machine-guns and troops, but this did not prevent the workmen coming over from the other side, across the frozen river.

On Monday, at about 10 A.M. two regiments revolted. They killed one or two of their officers and disarmed the rest. The crowds were very great, and one long procession composed of regiments without officers, and hundreds of workmen marched up the Nevski to the Duma. Many were carrying red flags. News had come that the Duma had been closed by the Emperor. The revolutionaries surrounded the building and refused to allow the deputies to leave before a solution had been found for the existing state of affairs. From about midday Monday there was heavy fighting all over the town, especially round the Duma, the Nevski, and the streets leading into it. Early in the day, after a short resistance, the revolutionaries seized the Arsenal, and General Matusoff, head of the Arsenal Stores, was killed. They also broke into the prisons, releasing not only all the political prisoners, but the criminal prisoners as well. They burned the Court of Justice with all the records, and

destroyed many of the police stations. The fire-engines were turned back and not allowed to extinguish fires.

Since Friday the Anglo-Russian Hospital, situated on the Nevski, where the Anitchkoff Bridge crosses the Fontanka Canal, had had a guard of about seventy of the Simennovsky Guards. The hospital occupies a part of the palace of the Grand Duke Dmitri Pavlovitch, who had been banished to Persia by the Emperor owing to his having been implicated in Rasputin's murder. At one o'clock on Monday these men left the palace and joined the revolutionaries, and the following regiments went over to the side of the people: Volynsky, Preobrazhensky, Kekholmsky, Livtosky, and Sappers, making altogether about 25,000 men. During the afternoon there was a stiff fight between two regiments who had remained loyal and the revolutionaries, but it ended in their joining the rebel troops.

All through Monday and the following forty-eight hours there was a great deal of fighting. It was interesting to see big motor-lorries going round the town distributing arms and ammunition to soldiers and civilians alike. Red flags were now to be seen everywhere. The soldiers tied strips of red to their bayonets; the civilians wore red armlets or streamers from their buttonholes. The police were armed with machine-guns which had been placed several weeks before on roofs and in attics of houses commanding the principal thoroughfares. Machine-guns had also been placed on the Duma building, and even on the churches and on St. Isaac's Cathedral. Ample supplies of provisions had been stored so as to enable the police to hold out any length of time. No doubt Protopopoff thought that by these precautions he would be able to control any rising that might occur, whether it was due to the



policy of the Government or not. It was very difficult to locate the machine-guns, and on Monday night the crowd broke into a part of Dmitri Pavlovitch's palace, thinking that the police were firing a machine-gun from the roof. A general belonging to the Grand Duke's suite, after having given them his sword and revolver, assured them that there was no gun on the roof, but that they were welcome to go and search for themselves. This they were unwilling to do, for it was not very healthy during these days to be seen on the roof of a house, as a fresh crowd coming up the street were apt immediately to open fire. Two or three different crowds came that night, all thinking the same thing, but they were very good and went peaceably away on hearing that it was the English hospital. Red Cross flags were hung outside the hospital, and the doors left open all night so that anyone could come in who wished to do so.

We saw two interesting things on Monday across the Anitchkoff Bridge on the Nevski. The first was a company of men coming up the Fontanka Canal with an officer at their head, whilst from the opposite direction came a motor-lorry crowded with revolutionary troops. Before they met it was evident that the revolutionaries did not know on which side the soldiers were. The latter hesitated, and their officer turned round and spoke to them. There was a dramatic pause, and then the officer took off his belt and his sword, cut the belt into little pieces, stamped it in the snow, and walked off at the head of his men, in company with the motor-lorry. The other incident occurred as a regiment of Cossacks rode up the Nevski at a walk. The light was just fading and they looked almost ghost-like, coming out of the gray mist on their gray horses, with their lances at

rest. We were admiring the picture they made, when a machine-gun close at hand opened fire. Instantly the men galloped off, lying low on their horse's necks, but not before two saddles were emptied.

On Tuesday morning all the workmen were armed. Practically all the troops in Petrograd had sided with the revolutionaries, but three companies and some light artillery defended the Admiralty, where most of the Cabinet Ministers were in hiding. These troops did not join the Revolution until Wednesday morning. There was an amusing sight of a motor-lorry careering down the Nevski at 7 A.M. with a machine-gun on it, an hour when the street was practically deserted, but this did not prevent the men from firing the machine-gun as hard as they could as they went along. They with their machine-gun were having a "joy ride!"

At eight o'clock on Tuesday the crowd attacked the Astoria Hotel, the biggest hotel in Petrograd, which had been taken over by the Government several months before and turned into a military hotel. At 2 A.M. that morning the revolutionaries had threatened the hotel, but had gone away after having received three guarantees: (1) That nobody would fire from the hotel; (2) that there were only officers on leave, Allied officers, and women and children in the building; (3) that no anti-revolutionary meetings would be held there. Six hours later, as a big crowd of troops and workmen were passing, the police, or German agents, hidden in the roof of the building, fired on them with machine-guns! The revolutionaries, infuriated, stormed the building, and after an hour and a half of hot fighting took the hotel. They rushed in, a howling, raging mob, armed to the teeth, sacked the ground floor, killed some Russian officers, and surged up

the staircase, shooting up the lift and in every direction. The Allied officers were standing on the first floor, and naturally thought their last hour had come, for some of the crowd were already drunk, and by this time the criminal prisoners were mixed up with the revolutionaries. To the amazement of the officers the moment the crowd saw the English uniforms they stopped. Some of them even took off their hats, and said, "English officers! Forgive us, we do not wish to bother you," and passed on in the most courteous manner possible to do more destruction to the hotel and its inmates. They got into the cellars, where there were thousands of bottles of wine and many barrels of spirit. A few of them were just beginning to drink when some soldiers coming in said, "No, my friends, do not let us spoil our fight for freedom by drinking and looting," and they straightway broke all the bottles with the butt-end of their rifles. This and similar magnificent examples of self-restraint saved the town, for had all the wine-shops been looted and the people drunk their contents, nothing could have averted a second French Revolution.

All Tuesday the fighting was at its height. The police with their machine-guns all over the town had to be located and taken. The whole day a procession of motors and motor-lorries drove up and down the streets, crowded with armed men. Not only were these motors decorated with red flags, but they generally flew the Red Cross as well, and as rifles and bayonets were sticking out of every imaginable corner, and a machine-gun frequently fastened on the back, it was rather incongruous. Hospital sisters were also often seen sitting next the driver, and every car had a couple of soldiers lying on the splash-board over the front wheels, holding their rifles and bayonets out in front

of them; a curiously picturesque sight. One limousine had no less than two machine-guns fixed on behind, and hundreds of soldiers walked about wreathed in machine-gun belts. Every man, and every boy from the age of twelve, was armed that day. They were firing off rifles and revolvers quite vaguely, for many of them probably had never had a firearm in their hands before. Others were brandishing most murderous-looking Cossack swords. A certain number of drunken people were noticed, for the first time, in the streets. There were continual rumors of fresh troops coming into the town to put down the rebellion. Two regiments from Finland were supposed to be arriving, but luckily some rails had been removed and a bridge blown up to prevent their coming. Three regiments from the Riga front were sent for, and there was a certain amount of anxiety as to which side their sympathies would be on, but they all joined the revolutionaries as soon as they entered the town, as did every other regiment. At the beginning of the Revolution there were 30,000 troops in Petrograd, which by the end of the week had reached 100,000.

The Duma was having great difficulty in forming an Executive Committee, as there were three parties: (1) For the Republic; (2) for a compromise with the Emperor; and (3) for the Tsarevitch, with a regency of the Grand Duke Michael, or Rodzianko. Fortunately Rodzianko came to an understanding with the extreme left on Tuesday night, and thereby kept control of the people. Had the Duma been unable to regain control, the fears shared by many, that anarchy must reign on the morrow, might have been realized. Instead of this, a very great improvement in the way of order was discernible on the Wednesday. There was much

less shooting. All civilians were disarmed by order of the Duma Committee, and by the end of the day one seldom saw an armed civilian; a marked contrast to the day before when none were to be seen without arms. Drunken people were being arrested, whether soldiers or civilians. The Duma Committee issued the following order to officers:

The War Committee of the Imperial Duma invites all officers not possessing the definite charge of the Committee to come to the Hall of the Army and Fleet in order to receive an assurance of the universal pass and exact registration, so as to fulfil the charges of the Committee in the organization of the soldiers who have joined the representatives of the people for the safeguarding of the capital. Any delay on the part of officers in showing up will inevitably blemish the prestige of an officer's calling.

Students were also enrolled to act as police and to help to keep order, prevent looting, arrest drunkards, etc. The students wore armlets, carried revolvers, and were generally accompanied by a patrol of three or four soldiers under their command. The officers who were now registered at the Duma were given back their arms and returned to their regiments to help to restore discipline. On Wednesday there were many more officers marching with the troops, and there was a certain amount of order in the way they marched. All officers wore bits of red, as indeed did everybody one saw in the street.

The revolutionaries had made the fortress of SS. Peter and Paul their headquarters. There were no newspapers; but news-sheets and proclamations were being issued daily from the Duma, and also one from the Petrograd Council of Labor Deputies. These papers were taken round by motors and distributed at various

centers of the town. As soon as the motors were seen approaching they were surrounded and besieged by eager and impatient crowds who veritably fought to obtain a copy.

All Thursday there was an uncomfortable, tense feeling about the crowds. The atmosphere was electric. One felt that anything might happen. The German agents who posed as Russian patriots were trying their best to excite the more extreme Socialists to further excesses. They spread every kind of rumor, with the object of making the people restless. Stories went round that Riga and Dvinsk had fallen; that a revolution had been raging for three days in Berlin; and that the Kaiser was a prisoner and the Crown Prince killed! These and many other lies were being freely circulated and believed. This, added to the fact that the Emperor had not answered the telegrams of the Duma, or the following one sent him by twenty-three Members of the Council of the Empire, caused a very bad impression:

Your Imperial Majesty,—We, the undersigned elected Members of the Council of the Empire, in realization of the great danger now threatening the Country, appeal to you to perform a duty of conscience to Yourself and to Russia. Factories and mills have ceased to work as the result of the total disorganization of transport and lack of necessary materials. Compulsory idleness and the extreme seriousness of the food crisis, resulting from the dislocation of transport, have reduced the masses to desperation. This feeling has been still further aggravated by the hatred of the people for the Government, and the suspicions they entertain of their rulers. All this has found expression in popular rebellion and the troops have joined the movement. The Government, which was never trusted by the people, is now totally discredited

and utterly incapable of coping with the situation.

Emperor,—The continuation in power of the present Government will denote the utter wrecking of all law and will inevitably lead to defeat in the war, the perdition of the dynasty, and immeasurable disasters for Russia. We consider the sole course open to Your Majesty to be a decisive change in internal politics, in accordance with the expressed desires of the representatives of the people and all public organizations; the resignation of the present Cabinet; and the investment of a person trusted by the people with powers to draw up a list of the new Cabinet to be confirmed by Your Majesty. Every hour is precious. Further delay and wavering may be fatal.

On everybody's lips one heard the same remark: "The least the Emperor could do would be to send some answer instead of entirely ignoring the telegrams sent him." It was not until two or three days after his abdication that it was known that his entourage had kept back the telegrams from him. He was only allowed to see them on Thursday, when it was already too late to save his throne.

On Friday the feeling of electricity in the air had to a great extent disappeared, for the abdication of the Emperor and his son had been officially announced. This was followed shortly afterwards by the Grand Duke Michael's proclamation refusing the Crown until elected by the people.

All the crowns and double eagles and Imperial eiphers were hastily torn down in the streets and thrown into the canals. On the Winter Palace the eagles and crown were not taken down but neatly covered over with scarlet material. Between three and four hundred people were standing in the huge Winter Palace Square silently watching this being done.

The Imperial flag was then lowered and the Red flag hoisted in its place, whereupon one member at the back of the crowd gently clapped his hands and said, "Bravo! Bravo!" This was one of many curious and interesting scenes with which Petrograd abounded during the first week of one of the most remarkable revolutions in the world's history.

Considering how near the condition of things was at one moment to absolute anarchy it was marvelous how self-controlled the people remained. With the exception of the provision shops there was little or no looting. The only cases that did occur were the work of released criminals who went about dressed up as soldiers. The Council of Labor Deputies, realizing this, issued a proclamation to the people and the soldiers, part of which was as follows:

Bands of hooligans are beginning to go about the town who are robbing the shops and property of the inhabitants. The revolutionary people and the army must on no account allow this. Looting by hooligans might cast a shadow on the holy work of freeing the revolted people, and the army should arrest hooligans who are found looting and hand them over to the Governor of Petrograd appointed by the State Duma.

The Imperial Guard left Tsarskoye Selo to join the revolutionaries, and many of the palace servants also deserted the Empress and the Grand Duchesses, who were ill with measles. Although it had been commonly believed that the Empress might be assassinated, the exact opposite happened, for the Duma sent off post-haste a revolutionary regiment to guard her and her family.

British officers were treated with wonderful courtesy. An officer told me that an English uniform was as good as a passport.

Immense stores of flour and grain were found hidden in Petrograd, large quantities in the churches. After Protopopoff gave himself up proofs were found in his house of plans to open the wine-shops in order to provide an excuse for firing on the people when they were drunk. To this charge must be added that of keeping the town purposely short of food, and of bribing the police before the Revolution. All these charges he will be called upon to answer at his trial. The police were supposed to be loyal to a man to the old régime. Hated by the people, they well knew that once they had fired on them they were not likely to receive gentle treatment at their hands. This knowledge and the fact that they were hidden away in attics and did not know which way the day was going made them fight to the end.

In other towns like Moscow and Kieff, as soon as the news of the Revolution came through the police gave themselves up in a body, thus avoiding all bloodshed. In Petrograd when their cause became hopeless

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they tried in all manner of ways to escape. One man was caught dressed as a woman, but he was in such a hurry that he had forgotten to shave off his mustache. The majority of those killed were members of the police force.

Many peasants in the streets were saying that they were going to have a Republic with a Little Father Tsar! Two privates were overheard discussing the future. One of them said that the Emperor should remain Emperor with a Constitutional Government, for God had anointed him, and that once God had anointed him man could not undo His work. "Yes," replied the other, "but since God anointed him, Rasputin has covered him with his dirt, and God would never reanoint a man."

The amazing success of the Revolution in so short a time, with comparatively small loss of life, was due to the fact that there was hardly a dissentient voice. All classes in all parts of Russia were in sympathy with the revolutionaries in the overthrow of an incompetent and hated Government.

*Sybil Grey.*

## CHRISTINA'S SON.

By W. M. LETTS.

### CHAPTER IV.

It was presently announced to the congregation of St. Etheldreda's Church that Mark Jonathan Travis of the parish of Saint Peter's, West-hampton, was about to wed Christina Mary Merriew, spinster, of this parish.

No one declared any cause or just impediment why these two persons should not be joined together in holy matrimony, so the dressmakers and milliners and confectioners went forward with their business.

Christina's days were filled with

shopping and fitting and writing letters. Mentally she clung to a branch overhanging a precipice. Only the daily business and the Merriew self-control kept her from an abandonment to hysterical distress. But family tradition is strong, and a sane fortitude had been the attitude of the Merriews on all occasions. Christina prayed passionately night and morning that she might not disgrace her name.

"When it's over you'll be all right," her mother assured her. "I never knew a girl who didn't look like a limp rag on her wedding-day—it's the waiting,



isn't it? I always think that criminals should be executed at once outside the court, and that girls should be married the day after they're engaged."

Now by every post presents arrived. The house was invaded by boxes and brown paper and shavings. Christina was a little beguiled by her new property. She looked forward with some interest to arranging the little house in Westhampton where she should reign as mistress. Travis, with the aid of a married sister, had furnished it, subject as he explained, to her approval. Although the town was only across the Derbyshire border it was easier for those on the spot to do the furnishing. Christina could make such alterations as she liked later.

The daily fuss of wedding preparations was an opiate to the waiting bride. She felt like one in a dream who must act an inevitable part.

The eve of the wedding dawned—a radiant May day. The old spaniel went out to the little patch of grass to roll on his broad brown back in honor of the spring. He kicked his legs and growled with satisfaction, then settled himself on an oblong of sunshine in the hall to watch the messengers who kept arriving with parcels.

He had grown tired and hoarse with barking at them all. It seemed useless to protest that this was his house and that no one must invade the front garden or raise the knocker. He realized vaguely that some business was on foot. He had an uneasy sense that some one was going away, for there were trunks in Christina's room, and she had kissed him and cried over him more than once.

He could not understand what it was all about; but though he asked everyone with his sunny brown eyes, there was no answer but a pat on the head from the ladies, and a hasty "Lie down" or "Get out" from his master.

Then a cab came and he prepared

to be very angry and fussy, but it turned out to be Mr. Edmund and his wife and their little girl. The little girl hugged him. It made him nervous, but he wagged his tail. Now his time was occupied, for he felt in duty bound to amuse her, though she wanted him to do all sorts of tiresome things for which he had no inclination.

Presently Mr. John and his wife appeared at the gate, and again his stumpy tail was in vehement motion. What could it mean? He escaped from the little girl and hid himself under the dining-room sofa. Here he was in a safe shelter, but near the human beings whom he loved.

Christina was in the room; she was showing her sister-in-law her presents. Her arm was around her little niece, for her nephews and nieces adored Aunt Christina. The child felt that nothing could be so glorious and exciting as being married. It seemed a fairy tale enacted before her eyes.

The sisters-in-law never agreed to praise or dispraise the same thing. There was a vague antagonism between them. Madge was inclined to be fashionable and up-to-date, while Janet was simple, rural in taste, and ready to condemn Madge as extravagant and worldly.

"All that silver will give your maid heaps of work," said Janet.

"Well! her maid ought to work, what else is she for?" asked Madge.

"She'll have plenty of work besides if she cleans properly, and does the cooking and everything."

"Well, Christina can help with the silver. It's a great thing to have it to start with. It's like a hall-mark to the house. People who don't know her will see what she is."

"People who judge you by your silver are not worth knowing. If they don't like Christina for herself they'll be horrid."

"Oh! you know what I mean, Janet. Everyone is not unworldly like



you. Other people do judge by the outside. When I pay a first call, I can sum up the people by their drawing-room in five minutes."

Janet preserved a lofty silence. She bid her daughter follow her upstairs to take off her hat and coat. She felt with pride that she, the wife of the eldest son, commanded the spare bedroom, while John and his Madge had to sleep at the Baileys'.

"Really! I can't see the good of being dowdy," Madge declared hotly; "why does Janet wear that impossible hat? And she dresses that unfortunate child like a charity orphan."

Christina smiled vaguely. She knew that Madge was always jealous of Edmund and his wife.

At that moment her brothers came in. They were nice-looking men, with healthy, honest faces. They each gave her a formal little kiss and began to appraise the value of the presents. Money interested them both as much as anything except, perhaps, football, in which they had a retrospective joy. Their presence seemed to infuse so much cheerful commonplaceness into the atmosphere that Christina took heart.

Romance, emotion, problems, scruples seemed to fly before Edmund and John Merridew. One could only suppose that their courtships took place in a sudden attack of delirium, from which they had made a perfect recovery. They were apostles of the ordinary. Any deviation from the normal they found intolerable. In the current slang they sought all the expression they needed. It furnished them with sentiments suitable for weal or woe, dismay or surprise.

It pleased them much to be together, for the coldness between their wives did not favor a frequent exchange of visits. They were fond of Christina and delighted that she should marry, for the normal woman generally does marry.

She told them those points about her future husband that would interest them—his income, the extent of his insurance, his house rent, and details about his business. She was soothed by this utterly mundane conversation.

It was not until the evening that Travis came. He had, very obviously, just had his hair cut, thereby evoking memories of shorn sheep. He had to be presented to the battalion of relations who were sitting in the drawing-room.

Janet Merridew, who had a gift for marshaling her connections, got Christina out of the room. "Do let the poor man see you for a moment in peace," she said; "go to the study, I'll make an excuse to send him in to see the presents."

Christina obeyed meekly. A minute afterwards Travis came down the passage. John looked out from the drawing-room door and shouted stentorian pleasantries.

"Anyone willing to do sentry-go in the hall? Pass-word, 'Spoons.' No admittance except on business. Do you hear, Chris?"

Travis shut the study door behind him. The room was nearly dark. Christina, a white figure in the dusk, stood by the French window.

Mark paused for a moment, then went to her and took her in his arms. "God be praised!" he murmured, "we'll only have a few more hours of tomfoolery and then—and then each other, Christina."

She leaned her head against his shoulder. Physically she was worn out, and there was solace in his sturdy strength.

"Mark, are you sure you want me?" she asked.

"Sure?"

He kissed her.

"Now do you believe me?" he asked.

"Yes, I believe, but it frightens me.

... I wish ... yes, honestly, that you loved me less. You must wake up some day and see me as I am."

"Darling, I know you as you are. You women are so sensitive, so conscientious ... that's the trouble with you."

Christina sighed.

"No, it is that we know life so much better. You men, poor darlings, are always big children, and you get the disappointments where we have foreseen them, and the disillusion where we had no illusions. But oh! Mark, I want to be worthy of you."

"Worthy—of a rough, bearish, ignorant fellow like me? Why, I'd cut off my hand this night to be worthier of you."

Christina was silent, leaning her head against him. They stood thus for several minutes in the soft dusk of the May evening. The air was sweet with white lilac and great yellow tulips and lilies of the valley. The scent had the delicate quality that belongs to the early flowers, something half sad that awakes one knows not what longings for the unattainable. One bright star hung above the black branch of a pine tree. It was an evening made for lovers.

They separated at a footfall in the passage. It was Mr. Merridew who wanted to talk over business with Travis.

Christina slipped upstairs and ran into Janet, who was coming down.

"Come and look at Jenny, she is so sweet asleep," whispered Christina's sister-in-law. The two women bent over the sleeping child, who lay in a happy abandonment of rest. Christina kissed the curly head. "Is it lovely to have children?" she asked softly.

"Lovely," Janet answered, following her to her room, "it's such a reliable happiness—it makes everything worth while, Chris, remember that. Can't

you see how restless Madge is because she has none?"

"Yes, she didn't want them once, now she does."

Janet sat down on a trunk.

"Dear Christina," she said slowly, "you have a good man, so have I. Be thankful. There are not too many, so they're worth a good deal. If you had seen bad husbands—as I have—you'd know how to value a good one. Of course, they all have their tiresome little ways. Edmund has lots, as, indeed, you know, being his sister, but then so have we. But I can stand anything—even his singing out of tune into my ear at church—because he's good."

Christina, the much-advised, listened to her sister-in-law. Both Janet and Madge had always treated her as a mere schoolgirl in the affairs of life. On their own short terms of marriage they had grown professional and didactic.

"I don't see," she said, "why such a fuss should be made about a good man. No one talks like that about a good woman. Where's the difference?"

"There's lots of difference, Chris. When you're a married woman you'll see it."

"I wonder if I shall. I wonder if it isn't just a convention."

"Women lead sheltered lives; men are exposed to lots of temptations. It is much better of them to be good."

"We have taught them that it is. Perhaps we've spoiled them."

"Oh! yes, I don't recommend you to spoil your husband. Even quite nice men get tyrannical. But still, when they're good they should be made a lot of."

"Why shouldn't we be made a lot of, too?"

"Because we're women. That's quite different. No one ever has bothered about women. There are so many of them in the world."

"I don't believe it's fair, Janet."

"Well, the world is like that—as you'll know, Christina, when you've been married as long as I have. Now do go to bed, and try to sleep. You look like a ghost. I know how terrible the last day is."

Janet kissed her sister-in-law warmly. She never forgot that Christina loved her children.

"Stay in bed for breakfast," she said at the door; "I'll look after you."

Christina did not light her gas. The moon made a soft radiance. The girl undressed quickly, plaited her long brown hair, put on her dressing-gown and knelt down by the bed to say her prayers.

Her religion was little more than a convention. She had said "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me," by force of habit till she was nearly twenty, when it occurred to her that she was a little lamb no longer. Now she had a patter of relations' names and a murmured desire to be blessed and made good, and kept safe through the night. This evening she knelt with her head buried in the white counterpane, while she thought of the momentous change that was coming. She was on the threshold of this new house of life, where she must be wife,

mistress, and, most likely, mother.

This was the last night of the old careless irresponsible life. She felt an urgent need of some spiritual guidance, some link with the Providence that guides our destinies.

It seemed to her troubled, inexperienced mind that she could, by an act of self-renunciation, establish this connection. Christina had never heard of an act of will. But yet the idea of it was present with her.

Self seemed to her then as a tangible thing that she might cast down at God's feet on behalf of her lover. If she could fling aside that inmost self with its desires for freedom, solitude and happiness she could give herself to him wholly. She knew that Mark loved her with the pure, perfectly-balanced love that demanded both body and soul in exchange for his love. And she knew that what she withheld was her soul. It seemed to her that by some single act of renunciation, comparable to that made by a nun at her profession, she could attain a new height in the life of the spirit where she could be true wife. But the act of renunciation was not made, and after a long vigil Christina fell asleep when the birds began to sing lauds in the pale dawn of her wedding-day.

(To be continued.)

## CANADA AND IMPERIAL UNITY.

It is not the least interesting aspect of the British Empire today that it presents such infinite variety in its component parts. Not only are there the obvious differences of color, race, creed and situation, but even as between the four great self-governing Dominions there are vital differences in internal structure and history as well as in geographical relation to the Empire and the rest of the world. An attempt at an explanation of the

attitude of anyone of them towards the problem of Imperial organization must necessarily be prefaced with some explanation of its own special position in the Empire and the world. There is the greatest possible difference between the problem of Australia or New Zealand, isolated as they are in the great Pacific Ocean and of more or less homogeneous British origin, and that of South Africa, with its vast colored population and its

intimate connection with the great continent traversed by European ambitions; while the problem of Canada, which not only bears within itself the marks of a complex racial history and settlement, but lies beside a great democratic nation once a part of the same Empire, and now inhabited by a vast mixed population undergoing a slow process of unification, differs radically from all the rest.

The history of Canada falls naturally into four periods, the first of which may be said to have been completed with the fall of Montreal in 1760, the second with Confederation in 1867, the third from 1867 to 1900, and the fourth, a short but highly significant period, from 1900 to the present time. The first of these periods constituted a chapter of history, picturesque and fascinating, but bearing no very direct relation to the subject in hand. During the second period an English-speaking population was accumulating at certain points; and political traditions, the fruits of which are visible now, were being slowly matured. Down to the year 1880 or thereabouts, Ontario was a very homogeneous British community, containing two main strata, the first being composed largely of the refugees who left the United States during the Revolution, and their immediate descendants, who brought with them sturdy character and a fierce individualism. The immigration figures of the period between 1850 and 1880 show a steady stream of British settlers, drawn in those days to a large extent from the rural population of the British Isles and composed in the main of people who came out, consciously or unconsciously, with the stamp of the mid-Victorian philosophy of triumphant individualism. Severed from association with political progress in the British Islands, they grew up in the individualistic faith, accentuated by the ease with which certain stand-

ards of living could be attained, and by the isolated life of the country and the small village. While the Liberalism of Great Britain slowly moved under various influences towards the socialistic attitude of the present time, the Liberalism of Canada, or at least of Ontario, remained unmoved. The change from the old voluntary school of the earlier periods of settlement, under which most of the prominent men in the political life of Canada down to 1880 or even 1890 were reared, to the over-symmetrical and mechanical public-school system of the present time, has universalized rudimentary knowledge. Knowledge is not in itself education; and the mere multiplication of subjects induces a premature satiety.

What makes the intellectual history of Ontario so important in Canada is the fact that it has been and still is true that emigrants from Ontario supply the formative and governing influences over the whole of the prairie provinces. It is interesting to notice how great can be the influence of a comparatively small section of a race that retains official relation with its parent mass. The decline in the practical influence of the British peoples in the United States dates, of course, from their severance from Great Britain.

The rapid economic expansion of the Dominion which has occurred since 1900, while it has brought in great masses of foreign immigrants, and has somewhat obscured differences in the character of the various parts of Canada, has by no means destroyed them. To begin with the East, we have Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick still without the effects of any large immigration, and still under the influence of the old-fashioned loyalty, not to the Empire, but to the Mother-Country. Next we have Quebec almost a kind of

political *cul-de-sac*, Catholic, 18th-century French, intensely conscious of its difference from the English but certainly not modern French, to all appearance immovably national. Then the great British province of Ontario, at once the end of Eastern Canada and the beginning of the West; then, down to a comparatively short time ago, the prairie provinces, almost a continuation of Ontario; and, finally, British Columbia, still under the government of the old Crown Colony ideas and nurturing the same kind of loyalty that flourishes in the maritime provinces.

In all this variety there has been and is a genuine unity of feeling, which consists mainly in a love of British institutions as representing equal laws, together with an effective administration of the law not always to be found in the western part of the United States. Linked with this is a sense of protection by Great Britain, which has given time for the growth visible in the Canada of today.

The first contact with the outside world that brought home to Canadians in general their relation to the outside world was the part taken by Canadian volunteers in the South African war. The powerful appeal of Imperial Federationists made in the nineties had undoubtedly a considerable effect. At the moment it seemed to produce no great results; and for a time, as when at the end of the last century Canada entered upon a phase of almost over-rapid mechanical development, there was something of a reaction against Federation or anything that interfered with concentrated effort upon the business of national development. But even this development itself, absorbed as it was in purely material affairs, necessarily enlarged the scope of thought, and through the medium of finance Canada began to be international on a large scale.

Naturally during this period large personalities developed, and there was much faith in what was described as the practical man. A kind of worship of our great natural resources supervened. Railways were rushed across the continent, and it was only when hard facts drove home the conviction that the pell-mell chaotic activity of the practical man can be almost a catastrophe, that we returned to a more thoughtful mood. In the meantime, just as our strength grew, so also grew the perception of our relation to the Empire and the world, with a new sense of responsibility and a partially articulate feeling that Canada should have some place in the counsels of the Empire. Three stages of progress were punctuated by the meetings of the Imperial Conference; and, while in these meetings progress seemed slow, the forces behind them were steadily gaining power. Then came the war.

Before discussing the position of thought in Canada at the present moment it is necessary again to go back a little to the earlier conditions of Canadian political thought, and to the two great influences, apart from mere growth of population and material expansion, that had, previous to this latest period, moulded and developed thought in Canada in regard to the Imperial problem. It is almost impossible to over-estimate the influence in the whole English-speaking world of the mid-Victorian philosophy of *laissez faire*. In itself, and at the time and place in which it was promulgated, no doubt it had a real value, but, when it is looked at now, it is impossible to avoid seeing how admirably it fitted in with the natural desires of the selfish, the lazy and the stupid. Its teaching, as it filtered through to the masses, represented an exhortation to men to devote them-



selves earnestly and exclusively to their own affairs, on the principle that what was best in the material sense for the individual was inevitably best for the community. To this there were, of course, various corollaries, one of which was the obvious one that the larger changes in human societies were brought about, not by any effort of conscious human volition, but by a power outside that can only be described as Providence. The word "evolution" has been sadly overworked, but it has been invaluable to the large class of people who are only too eager to find a plausible phrase or a single word to account for almost everything. With the curious inconsistency that is so characteristic of human thought, the very people who timorously shrink from organized effort towards any new political combination on a large scale, are the first to admit the necessity for forethought and constructive vision in relation to commerce and financial enterprise.

On the North American continent, development of thought in relation to material affairs has gone far ahead of political thought. The larger personalities that every now and then detach themselves from the business world and move into political activities are trained first of all in a commercial or financial school, and their categories of thought belong to the sphere in which they have been trained. Once in politics, they are in danger of becoming the slaves of the phrases and catchwords that have come down from mid-Victorian times. Never was there such a period for the production of plausible phrases as the middle of the 19th century; and nowhere have phrases retained so complete a mastery over political thought as in the North American continent. It would be painful to believe that democracy could go no

farther than the achievement of a negative liberty and a sterile individualism.

In the early nineties a small group of men, of whom Col. George T. Denison and Dr. George Parkin were the spokesmen, saw a great vision; and Dr. Parkin's eloquence and genuine prophetic power injected into the world of Canadian political thought a new and fruitful doctrine. The great mass of Canadians then had for the first time presented to them the meaning and significance of the great commonwealth with which they were associated, and which up to that time they had regarded mainly as a distant protector. Of course, like all first impressions of a great idea, it seemed for the moment to die away in the rush of material interests, and it was followed by a period of visible reaction. Nevertheless the seed was planted, and Canada's participation in the South African war in 1900 opened a new period in Canadian national consciousness as well as in material expansion. What was planted by these early pioneers has matured into a very active conviction that there is something lacking in the present status of Canada, which must be supplied to complete the stature of her national growth.

One thing is perfectly clear in regard to Canada. It is not a community of materialists. Race characteristics do not disappear in a generation or two, and the basic quality of thought in this country is idealistic. There are a hundred evidences of this quite apart from the splendid rush to arms that characterized the beginning of this war. In the last analysis what moves people most is a living gospel. The project of a great State at once democratic and international, a bridge between East and West, White and Black, that shall interpret liberty, not as a mere nega-



tive release from control and responsibility, but as an inspiration to share actively in the greatest of human responsibilities—this is a real gospel. But between gods and men lie the mists of logomachy.

The problem of direction has a double significance. In the minds of the overwhelming majority of English-speaking Canadians there is really no doubt that the direction of progress must be ultimately towards some form of closer union with the rest of the Empire, but in reference to the more immediate series of events there are all sorts of difficulties in regard to the method. The expression "increased co-operation" carries with it in many minds a great attraction. The word "centralization" has unknown terrors to others; and the old principle of *laissez faire*, with its release from the responsibilities of clear, constructive thought, still retards many in their speculations. Of course it must be admitted that there are serious difficulties in the way of any great constitutional development, but these difficulties can hardly be considered as insuperable, and their solution might even seem relatively easy if the population of Canada were in any way homogeneous. But homogeneous it is not. Even in the once almost exclusively British province of Ontario there are not less than 200,000 French-Canadians, as well as people of alien birth or parentage. It is estimated that in the prairie provinces there are over 300,000 German and Austrian people. Above all, there is the great province of Quebec with its French-Canadian population of 1,600,000.

Of the attitude of French-Canadians towards the Empire it is very difficult to speak with anything approaching definiteness. One thing is, of course, clear—they cannot and do not look

upon it with the same eyes as do the people of British origin. So far as the French-Canadians live in the country or in small places, they are quiet, law-abiding people of placid outlook, protected so far as possible by their Church even from the contamination of learning any other language but their own, and thinking of the Empire, if they think of it at all, as represented by Great Britain, upon whom they rely for protection in the curiously remote form of life that they live. Many of the leaders among the French-Canadians are, of course, cultivated men, in general sympathetic with the larger life of the Dominion and perhaps even with that of the Empire itself. But a small band of more vocal leaders are narrow and noisy, ill-qualified by education or intellectual equipment to interpret to their countrymen the larger issues of Imperial politics. Over all stands the French Roman Catholic Church, Gallican in profession but Ultramontane in substance, and at variance with a large section of their own faith in the Dominion.

The peculiar character of the French-Canadian situation in Canada, apart from its historical incidents, arises, to a large extent, out of its combination of religion, language and race. The problem presented by this combination in juxtaposition with a large Protestant population was difficult enough, but it has been further exacerbated by hostile criticisms in Ontario and by the feeling in English-speaking Canada generally that the French-Canadians were not taking an adequate part in the great war. There is, however, another and perhaps deeper reason for the failure of French and English in Canada to understand each other, and that is the relation of the French-Canadians to Dominion politics at Ottawa. Inevitably this great French *bloc* have held more or less the casting vote in Dominion

politics; and smaller politicians have seemed to vie with other each in an evil competition as to which side could appeal on the lowest grounds to the French-Canadian vote. This does not mean, of course, that the Prime Ministers of both parties have never been sincere in their dealings with French Canada, but it does mean that in the party organizations this evil work has been done. In point of fact, the French-Canadians are a brave race who feel that they were the first comers even in Ontario, and who themselves fail to understand their neighbors and are in turn undoubtedly partially misunderstood. It is probable that, on the whole, a solution of the Imperial problem such as would be fully accepted in English-speaking Canada would also be finally accepted, without much difficulty, by the French-Canadians, spite of the rather foolish extravagances of their lesser leaders.

The West may yet produce a new political philosophy, or new at least to this country. Every community, consciously or unconsciously, possesses a political philosophy and more or less lives by it. The Western farmer is acquiring the power of genuine co-operation hitherto denied to farmers' organizations in this country. He is enterprising and radical, and has immense faith in his power to overcome difficulties by co-operative action. The Grain Growers' Association and its affiliated enterprises are successful in various operations on a large scale. They seem to have actually passed the stage when they are liable to failure; and the effect of this on the political thought of the whole West must inevitably be great.

But in estimating the requirements for Canada in connection with Imperial organization the essential things to find are not the points of divergence, but the points upon which practically

all Canadians would agree. There are two that occur in one's mind at once. Whatever else is going on in Canada, it is certainly becoming increasingly democratic in spirit and increasingly Canadian. The idea that the English-speaking Canadian is just an Englishman living in Canada is a mistake. Almost during the period of his voyage here as an emigrant, he undergoes a metamorphosis not unlike the popping of corn, by which the grain is turned inside out. His transformation into a Canadian resembles an explosion; and during the period of migration one can almost hear the continuous crackling of the incomers undergoing their change. The drawing-out of a single stratum from the highly compacted organization of English society, and the scattering of it over the spaces of a new world, involve change; and the first reaction of the new immigrant is something like opposition to the traditions that he has left behind. Very soon he becomes a fervent Canadian.

If the federation of the Empire is to be successful, it must be a federation of nations. Lord Milner, in one of his speeches in Canada, put it finely when he said that "Imperial patriotism must be based first of all upon Canadian patriotism." The best contribution that Canada can make to a new Empire must be its Canadian quality. The success of the British Empire depends upon its power of harmoniously associating many races and several nations, and not, as in the United States, on an attempt at chemical fusion. And along with the necessity, in the organization of the British Empire, of making room for expanding nationalism goes the necessity of basing it upon genuine democratic activity. The great problem to be solved is, Can democracy organize itself, acquire complete corporate efficiency, and retain its genuine

democratic quality? The writer believes that it can, and that its ability to do so depends upon the development of a new education. It is idle to talk of democratic control if democracy has no knowledge of the problems that it is supposed to manage. The work of the "Council for the Study of The Quarterly Review.

International Relations" is a recognition of this very thing; and the avidity with which people, hitherto unacquainted with international affairs and with the larger problems of politics, listen to any genuine explanation of them is a sign that the thing can be done.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN, ADVOCATE.

BY HIS HONOR JUDGE PARRY.

Of the log-cabin life of Abraham Lincoln from his birth in 1809 to his election for Legislature in 1834 every schoolboy knows something. The stories of the heroism of his early life are parables in cottage homes on both sides of the Atlantic. In the same way everyone is familiar with the great drama of his career as President, with its terrible scenes of war and final tragedy of murder. Told and retold in memoirs, histories, poetry, and fiction, there is already a halo of literature around Lincoln that only shines on the great figures of the world.

It is somewhat surprising that—in this country, at all events—so little is known about his career as an advocate which from 1836 to 1860 occupied the best years of his life. Joseph Choate, speaking at Edinburgh, told us: "I lay great stress on Lincoln's career as a lawyer—much more than his biographers do; I am sure his training and experience in the Courts had much to do with the development of those forces of intellect and character which he soon displayed in a wider area." Our good ambassador was right, but he did not trouble us with the reason of this neglect, though no doubt his critical insight had diagnosed it. The fact is that it is distasteful to the average man to find that his hero is a lawyer, and Lincoln's biog-

raphers and historians, who with true literary instinct please to write and write to please, have allowed his twenty-four years of professional life to become a colorless background to the stirring story of his political career that they may please the groundlings who have a high-souled hatred of the lawyer politician. Although we may not go all the way with an American writer who says "If Abraham Lincoln had not commenced lawyer he would not have concluded President," yet the story of his professional life must contribute to our power of appreciating the character of the man and to a better understanding of the circumstances in which his genius was able to take root and flourish.

To a writer on the disadvantages of education, Abraham Lincoln is a human text. His schooling was of the scantiest. At some time or another every man must become his own schoolmaster if he seeks education. Abraham Lincoln began at once, and continued directing his own studies all the days of his life. At the age of fourteen fortune had endowed him with the Bible, *Æsop's Fables*, "*Robinson Crusoe*," and "*Pilgrim's Progress*." There was also a "*History of the United States*" and a "*Life of Washington*." He not only read his library, but he learned it by heart. You can trace in his writings the directness

and simplicity of Defoe and Bunyan, his love of apt parable may have been derived from Æsop, and the Bible confirmed his natural instinct for right action and strengthened his passionate love of honesty.

From the earliest he was an ardent student. He collected every scrap of paper he could find to make a commonplace book of extracts from volumes lent to him to read. He studied in the fields, under the trees, and by the waning firelight when all were asleep. His notebook was the boarded wall of the cabin, his stylograph a lump of chalk. An old farmer recalls him sitting barefoot on a wood pile reading a book. This being such an extraordinary proceeding for a farm hand, he asked him what he was reading.

"I'm not reading," replied Lincoln, "I'm studying."

"Studying what?" asked the farmer.

"Law, sir," was the dignified reply.

"Great God Almighty!" ejaculated the farmer in an outburst of stupefied piety, and went his way in amazement.

But years afterwards he was the honored possessor of a true story of a great hero, and biographers made pilgrimages to hear the old man tell it.

In 1833 a disastrous partnership in a small store came to an untimely end, leaving Lincoln with a legacy of debt which he honorably paid off in succeeding years. He was now four-and-twenty, and the only asset of the business he retained was a copy of "Blackstone's Commentaries," which he had found at the bottom of a barrel of household debris which the firm had purchased at a sale. He borrowed other law books, and is said at this time to have possessed an old volume of Indiana statutes which he learned by heart, and used to quote effectively in later years. He acted as a sort of "next friend" to parties before the local justices of the

peace, and drew mortgages and contracts for his neighbors, though he does not seem to have received pay for these services. It was the only apprenticeship to the law that he could afford and he became an article clerk to himself, so to speak.

By turns he was a store clerk, surveyor, and postmaster at New Salem until 1834, when he was elected to the Legislature, and had to borrow two hundred dollars to buy clothing to be fit for his new dignity. On March 24, 1836, he became legally qualified to practise the law, and left New Salem to settle in the county town of Springfield, and entered into partnership with a lawyer from Kentucky, J. T. Stuart, who had already shown him much kindness.

The story of his coming to Springfield is told by his friend Joshua Speed, a prosperous young merchant of the town, to whom he went on his first arrival.

"He had ridden into the town," writes Speed, "on a borrowed horse and engaged from the only cabinet-maker in the village a single bedstead. He came on to my store, set his saddlebags on the counter, and inquired what the furniture of a single bedstead would cost. I took slate and pencil, made a calculation, and found the sum for furniture complete would amount to seventeen dollars in all.

"Said he, 'It is probably cheap enough; but I want to say that cheap as it is I have not the money to pay, but if you will credit me until Christmas, and my experiment here as a lawyer is a success, I will pay you then. If I fail in that, I will probably never pay you at all.'"

The good Speed was so touched by the melancholy tones in which he spoke of possible failure that he offered him a share of his own room, which contained a large double bed.

"Where is your room?" asked Lincoln.

"Upstairs," said his friend, pointing to a stairway that led out of the store.

Lincoln hitched up his saddle-bags, ran upstairs, and took possession of his room, returning in a few moments, smiling contentedly, and announced "Well, Speed, I'm moved."

One of Speed's store clerks was William H. Herndon, for whom Lincoln had a great affection. He also slept in the big room over the store, and the three young friends were all earnest in politics, study, and debate. On leaving Stuart, Lincoln became partner with Stephen T. Logan for a few years, until both were running for Congress, when they parted in a friendly spirit, and Lincoln was on his own. It was then, in 1845, that he proposed to his young friend Herndon that he should come into partnership with him. The young man hung back on the ground of want of practice and inexperience, but Lincoln clinched the matter in his kindly, masterful way, saying: "Billy, I can trust you, if you will trust me." Billy and Abraham were Jonathan and David through sixteen years of practice in the law, and it is through his junior partner's reminiscences that we gain the most intimate picture of Lincoln the advocate.

To appreciate fairly the powers of Lincoln among the lawyers of his day, we must not forget how different were the circumstances of the administration of justice from anything we have experienced. Lincoln had seen even rougher courts of justice than those he practised in. We know that as a lad he used to haunt the Boonville Courthouse whenever a trial was forward, and years afterwards, at the White House, reminded Breckenridge the advocate that he had heard him defend a murderer there. "I concluded," said Lincoln, "that if I could ever make as good a speech as that, my soul would be satisfied, for

it was the best I had ever heard." In these earliest days the Courthouse was merely a log hut, and the hunters and trappers who formed the jury retired into the woods to consider their verdict.

Mr. Hill, in his admirable essay on "Lincoln the Lawyer"—a book too little known in this country—reports the address of a learned judge to the prisoner in "*The People v. Green*" to illustrate the manners of pioneer justice. "Mr. Green," began the learned judge very politely, "*the jury* in their verdict say you are guilty of murder, and the law says you are to be hung. Now, I want you and all your friends down on Indian Creek to know that it is not *I* who condemn you, but the *jury* and the *law*. Mr. Green, the law allows you time for preparation, so the Court wants to know what time you would like to be hung."

The prisoner "allowed" it made no difference to him, but His Honor did not appreciate this freedom of action.

"Mr. Green, you must know it is a very serious matter to be hung," he protested uneasily. "You'd better take all the time you can get. The Court will give you until this day four weeks."

The prosecutor thought this but a tame ending, and reminded the judge that the correct thing was to pronounce a formal sentence and exhort the prisoner to repentance.

"Not at all," interrupted the judge. "Mr. Green understands the whole matter as if I had preached to him for a month. He knows he's got to be hung this day four weeks. You understand it that way, don't you?"

Mr. Green nodded, and the Court adjourned.

Rough and ready as the formalities of justice might be, it was very necessary in the judge's own interest to make it clear that what he was administering



was really law. Too much learning was apt to puzzle a backwoodsman jury, and Mr. Hill has another contemporary story of a foreman who returned to a learned judge to say his jury could not agree on their verdict, and on being asked what the trouble was, replied: "Judge, this 'ere is the difficulty. The jury want to know if that thar what you told us was r'al'y the law or on'y jist your notion."

Even when Lincoln joined the Illinois Bar the courts were very primitive. The judge sat on a raised platform with a pine or white wood board on which to write his notes. There was a small table on one side for the clerk, and a larger one, sometimes covered with green baize, for the lawyers who sat around and rested their feet on it. There were few law books. The Revised Statutes, the Illinois Form Book, and a few textbooks might be found in most towns, but there were no extensive law libraries anywhere. From one Court-house to another the judge drove in a gig or buggy, the Bar following for the most part on horseback, with a clean shirt and one or two elementary law books in their saddle-bags. Some too poor to ride tramped the circuit on foot, but as there were many horse thieves to defend, and a horse was a well-recognized fee, it was not long before a young man of ability was mounted.

Such was the circuit when Lincoln first joined it. He was then twenty-seven years of age, "six feet four inches in height, awkward, ungainly, and apparently shy. He was dressed in ill-fitting homespun clothes, the trousers a little too short and the coat a trifle too large. He had the appearance of a rustic on his first visit to the circus." He kept his bank-book and the bulk of his letters in his hat, a silk plug, and a memo would be jotted down on paper and stuck in the

lining of his hat. No wonder Stanton, the courtly advocate of Chicago, sneered contemptuously at the "long-armed creature from Illinois," though he learned in the end to admire and respect him.

But the public recognized his capacity at once. In spite of physical and social drawbacks, Lincoln as an advocate was an immediate success. He was soon on one side or the other in every important case, and was pointed out to strangers by proud citizens of Springfield as "Abe Lincoln, the first lawyer of Illinois!" He was a great favorite not only with the public, but with his fellow-lawyers on circuit. Although he never drank intoxicating liquor, and did not smoke or chew tobacco, he was fond of a horse-race or a cock-fight, and when addressing his fellow-countrymen drew his illustrations from these pursuits, as when he crushed a swaggering opponent who evaded his argument by saying that he reminded him of "Bap McNabb's rooster, who was splendidly groomed and trained for the fight, but when he was thrown into the ring, turned tail and fled, and Bap yelled after him, 'Yes, you little euss, you're great on dress parade, but not worth a damn in a fight!'"

A further reason for his popularity was his gift as a teller of stories and jests full of the wit and character of the free, outspoken, primitive people from whom he sprang. Foolish people have tried to record some of these things, still more foolish folk have endeavored to prove that their hero was too pure and unspotted from the world to trifle with such nonsense. Wiser minds will recognize that since the world began the teller of a merry tale has never wanted for a jolly audience, and at the root of Lincoln's success with all sorts and conditions of men lay his gift of story-telling.

But the great qualities that brought



him success as an advocate were his industry, honesty, and independence. Writing to a law student who had asked him the best method of studying law, he says: "The mode is very simple, though laborious and tedious. It is only to get books and read and study them carefully. Work, work, work is the main thing." He himself used to read aloud when studying, for then, he said, "Two senses catch the idea; first I see what I read, second, I hear it, and therefore I can remember it better." "Billy" Herndon, his law partner—who plays the part of Boswell to his Johnson—draws a quaint picture of him at a circuit inn. "We usually at the little country inns occupied the same bed. In most cases the beds were too short for him, and his feet would hang over the footboard, thus exposing a limited expanse of shin bone. Placing a candle on a chair at the head of the bed, he would read and study for hours." His studies were by no means confined to law, and he never allowed his mind to become "case-ridden"; indeed, one of his greatest qualities was his power to stand on his own and reason out for himself the true aspects of a case apart from "authorities."

But the foundation of his fame and success as an advocate was his honesty. As a friendly critic said, he was "perversely honest." The faithful "Billy" tells a story of his first appearance in the Supreme Court of Illinois, and quotes his words as follows:

"This is the first case I have ever had in this Court, and I have therefore examined it with great care. As the Court will perceive by looking at the abstract of the record, the only question in the case is one of authority. I have not been able to find any authority to sustain my side of the case, but I have found several cases directly in point on the other side. I will now give these authorities to the Court and submit the case,"

Some biographers reject this story as improbable, and lawyers have criticised his conduct adversely. The question whether, if an advocate knows of a decided case in point against him, he ought or ought not to reveal it, has often been discussed. Joshua Williams, the Gamaliel of Real Property Law, boldly states: "It seems to me that in principle this is no part of his duty as an advocate," but he admits that if the judge asks him whether he knows of any case against him, he is bound to tell the truth. With all respect for so great an authority, I, for my part, am not convinced. If an advocate knows that the law is *x*, he has no right by acts of commission or omission to infer to the Court that it is *y*. I think we may accept "Billy's" story as true, and conclude that Lincoln not only took the course, but that it was the right course to take.

As long as a lawyer is ready to forego fees, there is no reason why he should not ride his hobby-horse of honesty to his heart's content. Lincoln and Herndon as a firm set themselves out to conduct business on unusual lines, and maybe carried their ideals very far, but they made good. It was against their principles to contest a clear matter of right. If they thought a client was in the wrong, they told him so and sent him away. Even when they came to the conclusion that a client had a good case in law, they would not take it up if the moral aspect of it was cloudy. The following letter to a proposed client states Lincoln's views on the matter in his own words:

"Yes, we can doubtless gain your case for you; we can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads, we can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children, and thereby get for you six hundred dollars to which you seem to have a legal claim,

but which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, as much to the woman and her children as it does to you. You must remember, however, that some things legally right are not morally right. We shall not take your case, but we will give you a little advice for which we will charge you nothing. You seem to be a sprightly, energetic man. We would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars some other way."

Lincoln put his personal point of view very forcibly before a young law student who had qualms of conscience about joining the profession. "Let no young man choosing the law for a calling yield to that popular belief that honesty is not compatible with its practice. If in your judgment you cannot be an honest lawyer, resolve to be honest without being a lawyer."

Of necessity, therefore, Lincoln was not a successful advocate in any case unless he was convinced of its righteousness. His limitations were well known, and he was not often called upon to defend prisoners. He did everything in his power to examine carefully into his own clients' grounds of action, but clients are often self-deceivers, and are apt not to tell the whole truth to their advisers. When Lincoln found in the middle of a trial that his client had lied to him, and that justice was opposed to him, he could no longer conduct the case with enthusiasm and courage. On one occasion he was appearing for a plaintiff, and in the middle of the case evidence was brought forward showing that his client was attempting a fraud. Lincoln rose up and went to his hotel. Presently the judge sent for him, but he refused to come back, saying "Tell the judge my hands are dirty; I came over here to wash them." To him the maxim, "Come into court with clean hands," was a command to be obeyed in spirit and letter.

This way of doing business was the

only possible one for him, and he explained the necessity of taking whatever course he felt to be the right one in the following homely anecdote. He was riding on circuit and passed by a deep slough where he saw a wretched pig wallowing and struggling in the mud. It was clear to his mind that the animal could not release himself. However, the mud was deep, and Lincoln was wearing, what for him was unusual, a new suit of clothes. He rode on and left the pig to his fate. He could not get rid of the thoughts of the poor brute, and carried the picture of his death-struggle in his mind's eyes. After riding on about two miles he turned back, waded into the mud, saved the pig, and spoiled his clothes. When he analyzed his action, he said that this was really "selfishness, for he certainly went to the pig's relief in order to take a pain out of his own mind."

In the same way, to be connected in any way with dishonesty was painful to him. It is curious, therefore, that many biographers have accepted a story told about the famous Armstrong case, when he defended the son of Hannah Armstrong, who had shown him much kindness in his early days at New Salem, in which Lincoln is made the hero of as cute and wicked a deception as was ever practised on a Court and jury. The charge was murder committed at night, and the case turned on identity. One of the witnesses who saw young Armstrong strike the fatal blow was asked by Lincoln how he managed to see so clearly, and replied, "By the moonlight," adding that "the moon was about in the same place that the sun would be at ten o'clock in the morning, and was almost full." On this Lincoln called to an usher for an almanac, and on its production it appeared that the moon set at midnight and was only slightly past its first quarter.

The charge against Lincoln was that he had given the usher the almanac to have by him and that it was an almanac of the previous year. That Lincoln should have risked such a cheat, and that counsel on the other side and the judge and jury should not have discovered it, is grossly improbable, but the recollection of those present and a reference to an actual almanac show that this story, which for many years had considerable currency, is a myth. Armstrong's life was saved by Lincoln's eloquence, he was pleading for the life of a child he had rocked in the cradle, the son of a woman who had mothered him in his youth, and he threw his heart and soul into the lad's defense.

To reproduce forensic eloquence by any form of literal illustration is scarcely possible. One wants the figure, the tone, the gesture, the crowded Courthouse, the magnetic sympathy of the audience, the impassive attention of the jury, and the dramatic suspense of the moment. It is the capacity to turn all these things to account that produces forensic eloquence. Herndon describes a triumph of Lincoln on behalf of the widow of a revolutionary soldier. The defendant was a rascally agent who had pocketed half her pension by way of fee. The whole speech was a very eloquent appeal, and the final words to the jury, if you read them aloud that they may catch the ear, have the ring of sound advocacy in them. "Time rolls by; the heroes of 'seventy-six' have passed away and are encamped on the other shore. The soldier has gone to rest; and now, crippled, blinded, and broken, his widow comes to you and to me, gentlemen of the jury, to right her wrongs. She was not always thus. She was once a beautiful woman. Her step was as elastic, her face as fair and her voice as sweet, as any that

rang in the mountains of old Virginia. But now she is poor and defenseless out here on the prairies of Illinois, many hundreds of miles away from the scenes of her childhood. She appeals to us who enjoy the privileges achieved for us by the patriots of the Revolution for our sympathetic aid and manly protection. All I ask is, Shall we befriend her?"

The poor old lady obtained judgment, Lincoln paid her hotel bill, and sent her home rejoicing and free of all expense. The notes from which he spoke give us an interesting peep behind the scenes into the machinery of advocacy. They run thus: "No contract—money obtained by Defendant not given by Plaintiff—Revolutionary War—Describe Valley Forge privations—Ice—Soldiers' bleeding feet—Plaintiff's husband, soldier leaving home for army—Skin Defendant! Close!" As a delighted contemporary remarked: "When Abe set out to skin a defendant it was some!"

Although he did not rise to the extraordinary heights of vituperation to which O'Connell soared, he was a dangerous man to insult. Forquer, once a Whig, but then a Democrat and office-holder, built himself the finest house in Springfield and decorated it with the first lightning-rod that had ever been seen in the county. He had been abusing Lincoln as a young man who wanted taking down, and when Lincoln's turn came he appealed to the audience: "It is for you, not for me, to say whether I am up or down. This gentleman has alluded to my being a young man. I am older in years than I am in the tricks and trades of politicians. I desire to live, and I desire place and distinction as a politician, but I would rather die now than like this gentleman live to see the day when I should have to erect a lightning-rod to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God."

He never talked over the heads of the jury. He led them along with him. He was lucid and fair in statement and his skill lay in "conducting a common mind along the chain of his logic to his own conclusion." He grasped the great essential in advocacy, that you must not only know the real point of your own case, but that as a rule it lies in a very narrow compass, and that your main duty is not to lose sight of it yourself and never let the Court and jury get away from it. A new generation wanting to know by what trick Lincoln gained so many verdicts was enlightened by an old colleague who replied "He instinctively saw the kernel of every case at the outset, never lost sight of it, and never let it escape the jury." That, he said triumphantly, "was the only trick I ever saw him play." His powers of homely humorous illustrations often set the courts in a roar. When Lincoln's eye twinkled and he drawled out "That reminds me," a chuckle of approbation ran through the Courthouse as when a favorite comedian steps on the stage. It is impossible to reproduce these stories effectively in print, but as good an instance as any is the following yarn by which he illustrated his client's point of view in an assault case.

"It reminds me," he said, "of the man who was attacked by a furious dog, which he killed with a pitchfork.

"What made you kill my dog?" demanded the farmer.

"What made him try to bite me?" retorted the offender.

"But why didn't you go at him with the other end of your pitchfork?" persisted the farmer.

"Well, why didn't he come at me with his other end?"

Again, speaking to a jury on the preponderance of evidence, and trying to explain to them what a lawyer means by the phrase, "weight of

evidence," he laid down the legal principle in these words: "If you were going to bet on this case, on which side would you be willing to risk a 'fippenny'? That side upon which you would be willing to bet a 'fippenny' is the side on which rests the preponderance of evidence in your minds. It is possible that you may not be right, but that is not the question. The question is as to where the preponderance of evidence lies, and you can judge exactly where it lies in your minds by deciding as to which side you would be willing to bet on." A man who could talk horse sense after that fashion in a law court would be listened to in attentive sympathy by any twelve English-speaking men gathered together in the right box.

The circumstances under which his career as an advocate came to an end are part of a greater story. In June of 1860 Lincoln was waiting with his friends in a newspaper office at Springfield when the news flashed through from Chicago: "The Convention has made a nomination, and Seward is—the second man on the list." Lincoln cut short his friends' congratulations and pocketed the telegram, saying "There is a little woman on Eighth Street who would like to hear about this."

When the Presidential Election was over and he had to leave Springfield for Washington, he came into his office and spent some hours with his friend and partner "Billy" Herndon, settling things up. After the business was done, he threw himself on to the old horsehair sofa and, gazing up at the ceiling in his favorite attitude when he was thinking out a law case, said with a sigh, "Billy, how long have we been together?"

"Over sixteen years," said his friend.

"We've never had a cross word during all that time, have we?"

"No, indeed we have not."

He lay in thought for a few minutes, and then rose and gathered up a bundle of papers and books. As he said good-bye to "Billy," his eye caught the old signboard which hung on its rusty hinges at the foot of the stairway. "I want that to remain," he said in a low voice. "Let it hang there undisturbed. Give our clients to understand that the election of a President makes no change in the firm of Lincoln & Herndon. If I live I'm coming back sometime, and then we'll

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go right on practising law as if nothing had ever happened."

What did happen is written in the history of the world. One can scarcely believe that Lincoln himself ever expected to return and ride the Illinois circuit and sit in the Springfield office again. But he loved his profession, and he knew that his fellow-lawyers honored and respected him. As long as the old sign hung on the stairway the President of the United States was still Abraham Lincoln, Advocate.

### THE HALF-BROTHERS.

Don Pablo de Tassio rose from his afternoon sleep and, moving to the window on unslipped feet, peered through the green lattice into the blazing courtyard where some scarlet flowers clung to the rough white wall.

A great stillness hung over the burning afternoon; the deep blue sky was alive with sparkles of gold; the broad leaves of the fig, the gold and crimson fruit of the pomegranate, the vivid orange hanging among the dark leaves showed in the garden beyond the white courtyard.

And beyond that were the square white houses and slanting roofs of the Valencian town, the confused walls and turrets, towers and terraces shaded here and there with the foliage of the palm, the acacia, and the fig.

Here and there, too, where the houses opened on to a garden or a street, was a glimpse of the dazzling blue of the Mediterranean Sea.

There was no one in sight; the green or blue lattice was shut over every window, the rush blind drawn out over every balcony.

In the courtyard of Don Pablo's house the sun shone unshaded, dry white dust filled every corner; in the center was a well raised on three steps

and protected by a delicate ironwork from which hung two copper pots, flashing back the sun from their polished surface.

On the steps of the well stood pots painted green and filled with gardenias, crimson lilies, and jasmine.

Brilliant lizards lay in the crevices of the stone, their palpitating sides their only sign of life.

Don Pablo looked at this prospect, which had been familiar to him all his life, with changed eyes. He had always loved the town, the house, the heat, these gorgeous afternoons of September—but now all affected him with a sense of horror.

He pulled the blind slats level so as to have a better view and leaned his sick head against the arched mullion.

Nothing was changed—to the outward eye all looked as he had ever known it—yet all was different, all touched by the terror of his inner knowledge of the fate of the town and of her inhabitants.

The place was under a curse—it would soon be depopulated—what bloomed now as a garden would be empty soon as a desert, these peaceful homes would be abandoned, their owners in exile, the fruit of generations



of laborious toil would come to nothing, for they who had worked would be driven into exile, leaving behind their possessions.

For at length, after years of alternate hope and fear, after strife, intrigue, and bitterness on each side, the fatal fiat had gone forth.

All the Morisco Christians in Valencia, under pretense of their secret infidel leanings and the assistance they were alleged to give to the Muslim corsairs who harassed the coast from Catalonia to Andalusia, were to be banished to Barbary, taking with them only such property as each could carry.

Though they had long been persecuted by the hate of the pure Valencian Christians, and the Duke of Lerma, the King's minister and favorite, was especially their enemy, yet the final blow had fallen as a thunder-clap from a blue heaven.

Even now, Don Pablo, looking over the town on which such an awful fate had fallen, could hardly believe the thing.

Over thirty thousand families in Valencia came under the ban of banishment, and all were prosperous, law-abiding, good tax-payers, thrifty, self-respecting citizens of the Christian faith, whose only fault was their mixture of Moorish blood and their supposed Moorish sympathies.

It was amazing to Don Pablo, as he considered it, almost incredible.

For it was a well-known thing that the Moriscos of Valencia, hampered as they were by unjust taxation and fiscal edicts, their industries discouraged and themselves oppressed by racial hatred, religious bigotry and ignorant statesmanship, had nevertheless contrived to make their province the most flourishing in the whole of Spain; their horticulture and agriculture were unrivaled, and their manufactories and arts were one of the chief glories and riches of the kingdom.

But jealousy, fanaticism, and malice had triumphed; everyone with a taint of Morisco blood was to be expelled from his home with the exception of a few of the most skilled and "most Christian," who were to be left to teach their arts and crafts to the Spaniards who would step into their place.

To distinguish the Morisco from the pure Christian had proved a task of some difficulty, as there was scarcely a family in the whole province that could not trace its descent from the Spanish Moors; but the Government officials, frequently inspired by private cupidity, spite, or jealousy, had solved the problem by a wholesale clearance of those who could be even suspected of the Moorish taint—a taint which was in many cases hard to discover, so closely had Spaniard and Moor become amalgamated.

Don Pablo de Tassio stood outside this disaster; his father was a Castilian who had come to Valencia in his youth and there founded a factory for the making of damascened and gold worked steel for which the district was famous.

Don Pablo had inherited his fortune and his industry, had always kept well on the side of the priests and the Government, and, even at the present moment, enjoyed such a degree of favor that he was permitted to retain the Morisco skilled workers whom he employed and on whose art and industry his livelihood depended.

Yet, and it was this that clouded his face and darkened his brow, his mother had been a Morisco and her son, his half-brother, was one of those under sentence of banishment.

In their youth they had been intimate, had even loved each other; the elder De Tassio had been no bigot, he had allowed his wife to bring the son of her first marriage to be brought up with his own child.

But on his death the two young men had fallen into disagreement.

Juan the elder had inherited the silk-weaving business of his father, who had been a wealthy manufacturer of pure Moorish descent, and he had devoted himself to this, retiring from the house and company of Pablo.

Gradually, as political and religious feeling ran high in the province, the two fell into estrangement, each embracing the race of his own father, their businesses were worked in rivalry, each endeavoring to become more prosperous than the other, and the breach was made final and unbridgeable when both selected the same lady for their courtship.

Dofia Esteldis del Ayamonte was one of the beauties of Villajoyosa, and had taken full advantage of her position in coquettishly hesitating between the two rich and handsome young men who wooed her so ardently.

But at length her choice had fallen on Juan, and she had overcome the reluctance of her parents who were not pleased to promise her to a Morisco, however wealthy.

The marriage was to have taken place in October, and now, in September, the Edict had been published and Juan must go to the coast of Barbary for lifelong exile, leaving behind his cherished factory—all his possessions, including Dofia Estrelidis.

Don Pablo had sincerely hated his brother since he had defeated him in the lists of love, and rejoiced with a silent satisfaction at the utter ruin that had overtaken his rival.

No more would he be annoyed by hearing of his half-brother's prosperity—of his industry and skill, of the success of the rich silks and embroideries woven from his own designs, of the increase in his workers and his output.

Now the factory would be closed, the looms silent, and master and men

gone from Villajoyosa forever. No more would Pablo be vexed by the sight of his brother's haughty figure swaggering along the streets and in the Plaza, kneeling defiantly in the church, or walking with Dofia Estrelidis and her parents in the evening along the palm groves that bordered the sea.

He had heard that Juan would leave tomorrow; the Spanish galleys were in waiting in every Valencian port, and the expulsion of the Moriscos had begun immediately on the proclamation of the Edict. He wondered what his brother was doing; he wondered what he would be doing on the eve of such a disaster. He tried to imagine what it would feel like to be suddenly bereft of his cherished prosperity, his position, his ease and comfort—to find himself treated as a prisoner—a criminal, to be subject to insult and scorn, perhaps blows and more humiliation.

Don Pablo shuddered.

Moving from the window he returned to the couch where he had taken his midday rest.

Beside it was a small table of ebony inlaid with a pattern in ivory. On this were glasses and jugs and a white porcelain jar.

Don Pablo mixed himself a glass of sherbet flavored with citron and drank it slowly. The heat was intense, he could not move without fatigue.

He leaned back on the couch again, staring at the straight bars of sunlight which fell through the open slats of the blind on to the smooth red-tiled floor.

Flies buzzed round the white walls and ceilings and on the hangings of gold and crimson leather; it was the only sound.

Don Pablo looked with approving eyes round the handsome chamber.

The polished black furniture, the Eastern rugs, the sideboard with the majolica dishes, the writing-desk of "pietradura," all bespoke wealth.

He dwelt on his good fortune and his luck; everything he had wanted he had achieved.

Except Doña Estreldis.

And for that loss he could console himself, there were plenty of other desirable women in Villajoyosa besides the disdainful daughter of the old Ayamonte.

He glanced at himself in a little mirror cunningly framed in mother-o'-pearl that hung above the table by his couch.

A lean, dark, comely young man answered his gaze; there was much of the Morisco in his black eyes with the long lashes, in his arched nose and full mouth, in the graceful contours of his head and face, the thick curl of his close hair and his sallow complexion.

As he looked at himself now he seemed to be staring at Juan.

Yet the Castilian blood in him had always angrily rejected the Morisco strain and he had never admitted the likeness between himself and his half-brother—but now—

Certainly he was like Juan.

He passed his hand angrily across his face and turned from the mirror.

Unbidden and unwanted memories of his childhood came to his mind.

In this room he and Juan had played together; here in the quiet heat of the day their mother had told them stories.

Of all her tales they had loved most of all that of the battle of Lepanto.

Their young fancies had been stirred by her picture of the Turkish commander, wreathed in pearls, standing on the deck of his gilt galley and of that of his enemy, Don John of Austria, with a feathered arrow sticking in every joint of his armor, urging on the Christian hosts to victory.

And afterwards they would play at Turk and Spaniard, turning the chairs into galleys and using lemons and figs as weapons to hurl at each other in the fight.

He wondered if Juan ever thought of these days now the mimic rivalry had developed into so deadly an earnest and Christianity had proved once more its intolerance and its jealousy, and Spain once more her fierce bigotry and insane policy.

Becoming tired of these thoughts he rose and went downstairs.

The household was beginning to stir after the great heat of the day.

Don Pablo went into the courtyard; the bottom of the house formed an open arcade where grew a great vine.

The master of the house stood there, under the yellow fruit and leaves, and watched the servants bringing out the long trestles covered with split figs and place them to dry in the sun.

Others brought deep wooden troughs filled with crushed tomatoes, and bunches of grapes, small and black, tied to a light trellis, and halved pears and rings of apples, all to dry for winter use.

The pots of flowers round the well were moved into the shade and there watered; sounds of movement and of work came from the house.

The sun was less powerful and one could breathe freely.

Don Pablo called to him an old man spreading out the figs, a Castilian this, who had been with his father.

Standing under the portico, shaded by the vine, he spoke to his servant.

"Any news from the town, Marcos?"

The old man had removed his wide straw hat and stepped into the shade.

"The Moriscos make ready to depart, Señor," he answered.

"All?"

"All."

"It seems strange, Marcos."

"It is just, Señor."

"You think so?" asked the young man, almost eagerly.

The old peasant looked at him with eyes in which shone the fierce spiritual

pride which had made Spain terrible and splendid.

"How could we prosper with the infidel in our midst?"

"But they are Christians," said Don Pablo, speaking like one who wished his words to be disputed and refuted.

"So they say," replied the old Castilian sourly. "New Christians!"

"They will take the wealth of the country with them, Marcos."

"No, Señor," cried the peasant eagerly, "they are forbidden to take any money with them."

"Wealth is not money, Marcos," replied his master sadly.

"Not money?"

"Nay, it is industry and skill. It is what has made Valencia bloom like the rose—Spain loses half her revenue with the Edict."

"What matter for that," returned Marcos, "if we perform the service of God in casting out these heathen?"

Pablo knew that Lerma and Philip would have said the same.

The old servant continued to gaze at him earnestly, almost suspiciously.

"You are glad to see Villajoyosa purged, Señor?" he asked.

He was thinking of the Morisco mother and her eldest son.

Don Pablo read the thought and the blood flushed up from his white collar to his black hair.

"Do you not suppose that I am glad?" he asked haughtily.

"Certainly, Señor."

"The Edict will touch no one for whom I care," added the master; "we are safe, Marcos, and we may keep as many Moriscos as we will to work for us."

"I am pleased at that, Señor, for certainly these devils work well."

On their work his fortune had been built; no Spaniard could have done the delicate and exquisite steel and gold work which commanded such a high

price in the markets of Europe and the proceeds from which had made a rich man of Don Pablo de Tassio.

"You have not been into the town today, Señor Pablo?"

"No"—the young man glanced away—"I shall go presently."

"You will see some fine sights, Señor—all the Moriscos running about like ants whose heaps have been overturned."

And the old man sucked his thin lips vindictively.

His master looked at him curiously.

"Marcos, why do you hate the Moriscos?" he asked.

Again that look of suspicion crossed the shrewd peasant face.

"Because they are bad Christians," he answered keenly.

"For no other reason?"

"What other reason should I have, Señor? And is not that enough?"

"The priests would say so."

"And one must believe the priests, Señor. The Pope himself said they were to go."

"Well, they will go, Marcos—about one hundred and fifty thousand from this province alone."

The peasant chuckled.

"A good haul for the devil's net!" he cried gloatingly.

Don Pablo did not answer; he turned back into the house and entered the darkened room behind the arcade.

This was his private closet and counting-house; the walls were filled with shelves of ledgers, account and order books and several desks and tables for specimens of the beautiful handicraft of the Moriscos.

Swords, blades and scabbards, daggers, gorgets, gauntlets and small steel caps all wonderfully damascened and inlaid, as well as smaller articles, such as hunting-knives, ink dishes, candlesticks, stirrups, mirror frames, and various shaped boxes.

It was the usual hour for Don Pablo to go through his accounts.

The clerk had left the books ready on the desk, the quill was mended, the great chair with the purple velvet cushions in place.

But today the young merchant did not even look at these things.

Instead he went to the bottom drawer of a black bureau that stood beneath the low window and lifted out a Moorish sword in a scabbard covered with crimson satin.

His mother had given him this.

When a young boy he had seen it in her possession and passionately envied the grace and splendor of the thing.

And she had told him that it had belonged to her father and to his before him, and that they had been *grandees* in Granada in the old days when the Moors had been kings in Spain.

Afterwards, a few months before her death, she had given him the weapon and bidden him cherish it fondly.

He did not think that he had ever looked at it since.

Now he handled it curiously.

It was a short scimitar of engraved steel with a hilt of beaten gold, very finely worked and set with rubies and square lumps of turkis put so close together that the curved hornlike handle glimmered blue as a forget-me-not.

The scabbard was edged and tipped with gold, also set with blue and red stones, and though all was a little tarnished by long disuse it still shone a thing of splendor.

Don Pablo softly handled the heathen weapon which he had so long put by and forgotten; he wondered why it had come into his mind today.

His thoughts traveled to the ancestor who had worn the scimitar when the Moors had ruled in Spain.

Ruled—and now they were despised,

hounded—finally exiled from their homes.

What a change was here!

He put the little sword back in the deep dark drawer, closed it, and taking his hat from the chair near the desk, went out aimlessly into the white sunny streets.

Adjoining his house were his works; from one of the low doors of them there came an old Morisco who had been long in his employment. The hours of labor were not yet over and the man was dressed for departure.

Don Pablo stopped him.

"You are leaving work?"

"Your employment, Señor."

The master flushed.

"But you are exempt from the Edict, all my people are exempt."

"But my people are not, Don Pablo"—the old man looked at him with dull eyes—"they are exiled and I am going with them."

"You are going with them?"

The Morisco did not answer; he stood patiently, looking down the sunny street

The master moved away from him, half shamefacedly.

"You have been paid?"

"Yes, Señor."

Don Pablo wanted to say something like thanks, even gratitude, wishes of good luck, expressions of good will, yet was silent.

The old workman turned away without a backward look at the building where he had toiled at his beautiful handicraft for the best years of his life and went slowly up the street, his stooping figure casting a bent shadow on the houses as he passed.

Don Pablo watched him go.

"That is what Doña Estreldis will do," he said to himself; "she will do that——"

He knew now that this thought had always been in the back of his



head, and that the words of the old Morisco had merely shaped what he had always known.

Estreldis would follow Juan as the workman followed his people.

The young man was sure of it; she was romantic, high spirited, very much in love; she would leave everything, mount the galley with Juan and with him sail to Barbary and there find a new life—perhaps even a new happiness. So, after all, Juan would triumph.

For surely it was a finer thing to go into exile with a woman like Estreldis for a companion, than to remain at home in smug prosperity and ease.

"If I had been exiled no one would have gone with me," he thought.

The alluring image of the woman rose before his mind.

He thought he would see her once more; he thought that it would please him to offer her some protection and assistance in her heroic act.

Perhaps they would be married before they went: for her sake he would fetch and fee the priest—he was prepared to rise to nobility for the sake of Estreldis.

It would be strange to see Juan again—yet not altogether displeasing.

He turned in the direction of the house of Doña Estreldis.

Many a shop he passed was closed, many a house shuttered; from many a garden came sounds of hurry, confusion, wailing and cries.

Don Pablo tried not to notice these things; he wished Villajoyosa would be as it had been a week ago—as it had been ever since he had known the town.

These sights and sounds of distress stirred something fierce in his blood.

He hastened his steps.

As he reached the low white portico of the Ayamontes he stood at a loss, wondering if she would see him—or any—at this moment.

Her duenna came to the lattice to peer at the new-comer, and seeing Don Pablo hastened to admit him to the outside staircase that led from the courtyard to the apartments of her young mistress.

Don Pablo came silently into her presence, using the reverence one would use before a great grief.

The room had dull red walls and black furniture, and still had the straw blinds drawn out over the flower-filled balcony so that it was cool and full of shade.

Doña Estreldis sat on a dark scarlet couch; behind her the duenna had her place at a spinning-wheel and was carding white yarn from a large rush basket.

Pablo kissed the young woman's finger-tips and stood looking at her.

She was dressed as if ready to go forth.

Her full skirts of a shining pearl-colored taffeta, edged with bands of black velvet, just lifted to show her scarlet shoes; her black bodice, laced with strings of coral beads, was fastened loosely over an undergarment of lace mingled with silver threads, over which she wore an emerald green silk jacket bordered with red roses, and over that was a white shawl, fringed and fine as gossamer.

A string of gold filigree beads enclosed her round smooth throat, her dusky brown hair was curled up into a high tortoise-shell comb set with corals, and in her ears hung long pearls.

Between her full lips she held a gardenia, and she stared at her completed toilette in a little gold hand-mirror which she held slackly on her lap.

She did not smile at Don Pablo her large lustrous eyes rested on him mournfully.

Nor did he know what to say; she had always been very desirable and beautiful in his eyes; now she had the air of something apart and holy, for

he viewed her through the glory of the heroic sacrifice he believed she was going to make for his brother's sake.

He envied Juan.

She took the flower from her lips and fastened it behind her delicate little ear.

"It is a long time since you have been here," she said.

He had no answer.

"Why do you come now?" she asked gently; she leaned back on the dark rich cushion; her exotic, frail and transient beauty glowed at him with the splendor of a perfect thing.

It was strange to think of her among the exiles in Barbary.

"I thought you might need me," he said earnestly and humbly.

Her moist lips parted in a faint smile as she replied.

"That was a most gentle thought, Don Pablo," she said.

"Can I help you?"

Her heavy lashes drooped.

"Help me?"

"In any way."

He thought that she was shy of asking his assistance for his brother; he wished to clearly show her his generosity.

Doña Estreldis appeared to be considering.

"I was very unkind to you," she murmured softly.

With raised hand he made a gesture of protest.

"And now I am punished," concluded the lady.

"I am here to help you."

She considered him with a full look from her languorous eyes.

"Have you seen Juan?"

She spoke the name with less emotion than he had expected; he admired her courage.

"No."

"Oh"—she pursed her lips.

Don Pablo explained himself.

"As there had not been good feeling

between us I thought he would not take my visit kindly or pleasantly."

"I expect you are right."

But if you wish, Doña Estreldis, I will go to him."

"Oh, no——"

"And take any message."

"I have no message, Don Pablo."

"Everything is arranged?"

She flushed.

"What should there be to arrange?"

He looked at her with surprise.

"Will you not see him?"

"No," she answered. "I wrote to him."

"But you—you"—he fumbled for his words—"Juan leaves tomorrow," he added at last.

"Ah, tomorrow. . . ."

"You did not know?"

"No, but when I wrote I said the sooner he left the better—for both of us."

"I do not understand."

She explained.

"While he is here I am in a foolish position, Don Pablo."

He stared at her frowning.

"He was my betrothed lover."

"And now?"

"Now I am free."

She looked at him with meaning, her glance was full of encouragement.

"I am free," she repeated.

"You are not going with him?" asked Don Pablo stupidly.

"Señor! Do you know what you say? Go with him—accompany an exile to the coasts of Barbary—if I was so foolish it would not be permitted me!"

He saw now indeed the folly of his supposition.

"No, I did not know what I was saying," he answered.

"And he is ruined," continued Doña Estreldis, "quite ruined."

"I know—quite ruined."

The lady spoke again, in her sweet and plaintive tones which echoed strangely in the brain of her listener.

"It has been terrible for me—but it was my own unreasonableness. My father was always against the match. A girl's caprice, Señor."

She gave him a long look.

"I have suffered, Madonna!" she added with a sigh.

"I am sorry for you, Doña Estreldis."

He rose.

She also got up, shaking her silks.

"I take your coming graciously. Will you wait and see my father, who is now abroad?"

He made heavy excuses; he was not looking into her tempting face, but down at the floor.

She put out her little perfumed hand at their parting.

He saw that he could have her now, for the asking.

His brother was dead to her—no longer in her world or in her scheme of life.

She was ready to take another cavalier to fill his place.

Thus was Estreldis!

He left her; he heard her rustle out on to the balcony and as he crossed the courtyard the white gardenia from her hair fell at his feet.

Don Pablo looked up.

She disappeared with a laugh, her finger to her lips.

He went his way, leaving the white flower to wither in the sun.

Thus was Estreldis!

Well, he had the better cause to rejoice—his enemy was stripped indeed and he had no need to exercise generosity, no need to aid or envy Juan.

His was the entire triumph now; he might, if he would, win the disputed woman now—or, if he would, disdain her.

And Juan would go alone.

No word or look from his beloved would soften his departure; he would go knowing her indifferent to his fate.

So crudely Don Pablo put his thought, so crudely it remained with him, the

thought and the sting thereof—he wondered why there should be any sting in the consideration of the lightness of this woman.

Was not the man his rival and his enemy?

Had he not, to until an hour ago, desired Estreldis and now she could be his?

She was still beautiful—he could remember every detail of her beauty as he remembered the shape and color of the stones in the scimitar he had handled that morning.

Why then was she valueless?

He could not answer this—it was beyond him to interpret the moods of his own soul.

Without purpose or aim he returned to his house; everything was as usual, but it did not seem so to Don Pablo.

That night there was a thunderstorm over Villajoyosa; Pablo lay awake all night listening to the sound of it.

He arose before his household was astir, and putting on his plainest cloak went down to the counting-house and took the turkis stone scimitar from the drawer.

Then he set out, as the old Morisco had gone, without a backward look at his home and his prosperity.

He made his way to the quays where the wretched exiles were being driven on board the galleys by the insolent Spanish officials.

After the rain of last night the sun shone with a liquid brightness, the roofs of Villajoyosa gleamed between the fig and palm, the blue and violet sea was rough with waves capped by pearl-colored foam.

Along the dusty white road from the town came Juan.

Pablo de Tassio went to meet him.

The elder brother drew his mantle closer about his face and hurried on.

Don Pablo walked beside him, hurrying to keep pace.

"I am going too, I also have Moriseo blood—see, do you remember this?"

He held out the flashing scimitar from the shade of his cloak.

"It belonged to our Mother's people—I am coming with you."

Juan paused in his walk.

"Why?"

"I do not know—I had to."

Juan looked at him keenly out of the keen dark eyes so like his own.

"We used to love each other," he said.

"I remembered that."

"I was very lonely," added Juan.

"And I—when I heard that you were going."

"It is strange," said Juan.

The half-brothers stepped together onto the galley that was to take them into perpetual exile.

That night, as they lay together on the hard bench and in the foul darkness, Pablo lying awake with many thoughts, felt his brother gently kiss his brow.

And somehow he was repaid for all he had left behind—and for Estreldis.

*Marjorie Bowen.*

## THE EDUCATIONAL USE OF THE SCHOOL GARDEN.

The time has come for a very large increase in the number of school gardens, and for a considerable change in the method of using them. It is not merely that a much larger number of people should be taught the principles and practice of horticulture, though that is important. There is no one who does not agree that this country must be more self-dependent in the matter of its food supply, and that a much larger number of people must be induced to work on the land. The multiplication of school gardens will help in that direction; but it is not of the teaching of horticulture that we are chiefly thinking. The fact is that a garden may be so used in the work of a school as to have the highest educational value. It may be made to give life and reality to almost every part of the curriculum, and to assist most effectively in the physical, moral, æsthetic, scientific, industrial, and social education of young people. Indeed it would not be an exaggeration to say that almost the whole of the activities of a school might be made to center upon, and take place in, a garden, and that a great increase of efficiency would follow any such development.

It seems strange that it is only quite recently that it has been thought necessary or desirable that a garden should be run in connection with the teaching of Cookery. There is, surely, a natural alliance between the kitchen and the garden. The vegetables that are cooked in the one are grown in the other. One would have thought that, wherever it was possible, girls would have been taught to cultivate the cabbages they cooked. It is curious to notice that it is only the schools that are attended by the children of the wealthy that have their garden mistresses, and that teach girls the practical management of the ground. The gardens attached to the Council schools are used exclusively for boys. Yet all girls who are old enough to learn Cookery are old enough to learn Gardening, and our own experience shows that they very much like to do it. We have seen, during 1916, a kitchen garden worked by girls of an ordinary Council school, and no work was more enjoyed by the girls, or better done. Of course there are things which girls should not and could not do; but these are very few. It must be worth while to give to girls a knowledge of the pleasure and profit to be derived

from a garden, and the natural way to do this would seem to be that they should themselves cultivate the things that they use in the Cooking Class. This would, of course, mean that the institutions for the training of teachers of domestic subjects would have to be provided with gardens. As far as we know this is very rarely the case at present. Cookery teachers who want to learn gardening have to go to Swanley, or elsewhere, for a course of instruction. The fact is that in our schools we are far too much given to cutting up the instruction into "subjects" with little or no communication with each other; the consequences are sometimes almost ridiculous. What we should like to see in this country is a generation of housewives who not only really can cook, but who can completely manage a garden of such a size that it supplies most of the vegetables and flowers that a workingman's house requires. When Lord Bacon said that "a garden is the purest of human pleasures, the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man," he was not, probably, thinking much of Woman. But he ought to have been. If all cities were garden-cities, all villages garden-villages and all housewives gardeners as well as cooks, this would be an infinitely happier world—especially for women.

A very determined demand is being made for the more extensive teaching of Science. Not less urgent is the necessity for an improvement in the methods of teaching it, and especially in the methods of instruction in the first stages. There has been a fashion of starting all such teaching by a series of lessons on measurement, volume, density, specific gravity, and so on. That can hardly be called an attractive approach to Science, and, however logical it may be, it is wholly unnatural. The garden offers a natural approach to science on several sides. Take Chemistry, for example. One cannot

go far in the cultivation of a garden before one begins to use chemicals. "Liming" is universally necessary. When the lime is being placed upon the garden a boy wants to know why. What is lime? How is it obtained? What does it do to the garden? Why is it called "quick" or "slaked"? All these things one really wants to know, and there is the teacher's opportunity for giving his lesson in Chemistry. Life is imparted to the study. Lessons are seen to have something to do with the practical affairs of life, and not to be merely "something out of a book." The chemistry of air and water, carbon and carbonic acid, nitrogen and nitrates, potash, sulphates, phosphates; sand, clay, iron; ammonia and its compounds; the phenomena of decomposition, solution, evaporation—all these arise as matters to be studied because of what is seen and done in the garden. It would be perfectly easy to prepare a syllabus of a first course in Chemistry that would arise out of the affairs of the garden, and for which the instruction could mainly be given on the ground.

The same may be urged with regard to Light and Heat. How is it that these are regarded as subjects to be studied, in the first case, indoors and without reference to any living thing? Their first importance lies in their influence upon, and necessity to the maintenance of, life and growth. How far can one go in a garden before some question of heat or light is met offering to the teacher an opening for exciting interest and imparting information? Here is a hand-light; why is it warmer under the glass than outside? Most people imagine that they know, but few do. This is the teacher's starting-point for a talk about the nature of heat and its transmission. Again, one must understand all about thermometers of all sorts if one is to be a gardener. Snow and soot raise the subjects of absorption



and conduction of heat. The effect of frost upon the soil, and the means of preserving plants from frost, demand scientific explanations. It is in the garden, too, that one should show the connection between light and life, light and color, temperature and evaporation, temperature and growth, and all such matters. If these things are approached in the first place as matters of life and death to plants and of success or failure for the gardener, there is some likelihood of their appearing to be worthy of attention. And after all it was in some such way as this that these subjects were first approached. We have too much cut off our teaching from actual things and made it an affair of words, so that science is a question of conjuring experiments and of examinations, and not at all connected with Nature. We teach about capillarity by means of little blocks of salt and sugar, in a classroom; but the practical importance of it lies in the soil, and it is not unconnected with the farmer's practice of rolling the ground and the gardener's use of the hoe.

We cannot help thinking that when we come to what is nowadays called Nature Study, and to Botany, a garden is quite indispensable. Here our school gardens have not been used at all as they should. In past years Botany has largely been learned by children in classrooms, from books and diagrams and dried specimens, and that even where a school garden was at hand. In a few cases it has been otherwise. Why should not elementary Botany be wholly a garden and outdoor subject? A considerable portion of the garden should be given up to small beds each planted with members of one Natural Order, or with plants selected to illustrate one or more definite points. For example, a bed may contain red, white, and alsike clover; peas, beans, and lentils; monkey-nuts, lupins, lucerne, vetches, sainfoin; and other *Leguminosæ*.

Gorse, broom and laburnum will be found on the borders of the garden. Another bed may contain tomatoes, potatoes, tobacco, petunia, physalis, and other *Solanaceæ*. In the same way there will be beds of *Labiates*, *Rosaceæ*, *Scrophulariaceæ*, and the rest. Indeed, there are very few things mentioned in an elementary textbook of Botany that may not quite readily be grown in a fair-sized school garden. It must be better to study these things from the living, growing plant than in any other way. Pupils may learn for themselves by direct observation. What could be better, for instance, than to send pupils into a garden charged to find out the different ways in which plants climb? Bean, hop, clematis, nasturtium, ivy, virginia creeper—all will be in the garden, and the pupils will visit each and make their own observations, reporting in words and in drawings.

Nowhere else is there so much opportunity for making children investigators. We want to stir up the spirit of inquiry; we want young people to devise experiments which shall answer questions; that is, we want to make them discoverers. A garden offers endless opportunities for this, especially if foresight is exercised when the planting is being done. Ask questions of this sort: Do the roots by which ivy clings to a wall feed the plant? Arrange an experiment to find out. At what rate does a sunflower grow? Can a hop-plant be trained to climb round a pole in the same direction as a kidney bean? Which is better to use as seed—potatoes that are fully matured or immature ones? There is no end to the number of such inquiries; and the necessary experiments can be invented and carried out by the scholars themselves. Surely this is good teaching method. Nowhere else can the child be so readily led to wonder and to inquire, as in a garden.

There should, of course, be in every school garden a section devoted to plants of economic importance. We could name a garden where fifteen little beds—perhaps each two square yards—are sown each with a different useful grass; where wheat, barley, oats, rye, millet, maize, sugar-beet, flax, hemp, and mustard each have a place; where a series of small plots illustrates the rotation of crops; and where there is a small plantation with specimens of some thirty British forest trees. Of late there has been a good deal of talk about medicinal herbs; these should have a considerable plot in a school garden. A pond might often be provided, and aquatic plants grown and pond life studied; whilst in some places it should not be impossible to cultivate trout.

The school garden gives rise to a demand for what the schools call "Manual Work." Often instruction is given in woodwork and metal work with little reference to any real necessity of life. Boys make models; why should they not make *things*. A man who can make his own frames, build his own poultry house, glaze a window, solder a watering can, and do all such jobs, is in an enviable position. It is worth much to have boys doing these things not as lessons or "specimens" or "models," but because they are wanted and are to be used. This is what we mean by making the work of a school depend upon, and arise out of, the garden. We really must try to bring the work done in our schools back into touch with reality; we must cease trying to be elaborate and get back to simple natural ways of doing things.

It will be seen that we are suggesting that the provision of school gardens, and some reform in the way of using them, would lead to more time being spent by teachers and children in the open-air of the garden. That would certainly be desirable. If it is good for the physically

defective to be sent to open-air schools it must be good for normal children to be out of doors. But what we are here concerned with is that it is educationally better, that better methods of teaching can be employed, that opportunities can more easily be made for co-operative or team-work, that self-discipline is far more easily arranged for, and that the natural restlessness of a child can be more readily turned to account. Especially we would emphasize the fact that in a garden work becomes "meaningful," "purposeful." How much better, for example, to measure one's own garden-plot and find its area, with and without the path, than to do a sum about it out of a book? How much better to *see* a square pole, or rood, or acre than merely to learn the words? How much more "sense" there is in keeping the accounts of your own garden than in dealing with some "made-up" figures! Or if you are to discuss rainfall; or maximum, minimum, and mean temperatures; or any kind of meteorology—how much more real it all is if you have taken the observations in, and made your charts and calculations with reference to, your own garden. "Summer Time" presents no difficulties to girls who have entered the revised figures upon the sun-dial in the school garden. Direction is quite clear when one has studied the weather-vane in, and made an accurate map of, the garden in which your teacher discusses these things. It is really extraordinary, too, how large a proportion of what is done in the way of arithmetic in schools can be applied to, or begin to be studied in, the garden. Properly employed, a school garden is the very best classroom imaginable.

We referred above to the moral, æsthetic, and social influence that might be exerted by the school garden. This would seem to be evident. What would be the result if children from the slums of our big cities could receive

such education as they get in a school garden or garden school? The humanizing effect of such association with beautiful living things would be of untold value. And where will one learn patience, foresight, thrift, cleanliness, economy, and altruism so well? It is an unwritten law that in a garden one works "that he may have to give to him that needeth."

In a village the school garden might well become a center for a good deal of social intercourse. Boys and girls have their own plots to cultivate; fathers and mothers should be quite free to come and help out of school hours. There would be much more of sympathy between the school and the home if parents and teachers met casually on common ground with some common interest. Moreover, it is worth a good deal to get teachers associated with their scholars in this social and informal manner. The farmer might quite reasonably look to the school to do his seed-testing for him, nor need there be any great reluctance for help to be given to him in any time of emergency. The other month a certain small farmer was almost in despair about getting up his potatoes. In desperation he wrote to two large elementary schools near by, asking if they could help in any way. Now why should not the schoolmasters have taken a dozen boys each and given a day—Saturday perhaps—to help with those potatoes? The school time usually given to physical exercises might well have been omitted that week, and, perhaps, also the time given to nature study. The boys would have had a lesson in patriotic altruism. But no; neither of the schoolmasters sent any reply to the man's appeal. That small-holder is not likely to feel very enthusiastic about the education rate.

We dare not take the children off the school premises, to the farmer's field or

the neighbor's garden wall. Yet this would certainly be the way to get people to believe in the schools and feel some interest in them.

Arithmetic, Geography, Botany, Nature Study, Drawing, Elementary Science—these are all subjects in which much of the work could be made to arise naturally out of the garden and be done in it. Other things, too, could be studied there. Sitting accommodation and shelter would make needlework and reading possible there; whilst a very large amount of literature could be, and ought to be, connected with the life of the garden and field. In every case the possession of a garden opens the way for new and better methods of teaching, and for more humane ways of handling a class. And what an opportunity these gardens would give for the holiday months! Of course, garden-schools would not be closed. There will be, in the new time, streams of children going out to them for holidays—real holidays, when happy and instructive hours are spent among bees and flowers, vegetables and fruit. There will be fruit-picking and jam-making, sleep and play, work and liberty. The girl who comes home from the great boarding-school loves and enjoys her home garden. For the dwellers in the congested areas, the school garden must take the place of the home garden till the latter is provided.

In the coming days we shall make all country schools garden-schools. We shall cease to build barrack schools in the congested areas of towns. Instead, a ring of large school gardens and garden schools will encircle the towns, and to these children will be carried by tram and train each day. Then, perhaps, a new spirit will arise in our country. A generation will come that will not be denied its right of access to the soil, a generation that knows Nature and loves her; an edu-

cated generation, finding its pleasures  
and its profit in the beautiful. We  
may even return to that golden age  
The Contemporary Review.

"ere England's griefs began,  
When every rood of ground main-  
tained its man."

*J. Eaton Feasey.*

## PEACE AND HER HYPOCRISIES.

Mankind would have been a complete fool but for a few occasional persons of true genius who have put some magical ideas into indurated customs and traditions. Democrats turn with scorn from this truth, declaring that ordinary men, mere dough in human nature, should rule over genius, the enchanted yeast by which the dough is raised. But ordinary minds have ever been glad to pass from fact and truth into illusions, and many superior minds have ever been willing to use for their own ends the popular foolishness. True genius alone has been entirely candid, like Dame Nature, whose work, whether cruel or charitable, is always frank, and therefore without cant.

Though the gross body social will never be fit to rule with success over genius, the inspired brain, yet democrats may learn to govern themselves by choosing and obeying the most candid and thoughtful statesman. Instead of idolizing cant rather than gather hints from a Lord Roberts, they may become reasonable. At present, however, there are few signs that they and their chosen statesmen wish to think truthfully. Cant has come into vogue again, except among soldiers and sailors, who accept with pride the sternest autocrat, naval and military discipline, and gain candor from perilous duty.

Cant is to political affairs what poison gases have become to armed war, only it is more subtle than they are: no mask could neutralize it, and it gives no immediate pain. If it caused pain at once it would teach the people

to take care of themselves; but its painful effects arrive so late that they are attributed usually to other causes. For this reason cant is easy to revive. Its old devotees can chatter as foolishly as they did in the pre-war times and yet escape the chastisement which they invite. Already they are lodging themselves again in a bubble reputation for ideal wisdom and virtue. When major fools talk sweetly the minor fools are a devoted chorus.

Perhaps the best description of the ruling cant is a flattery of untruth that promises far too much with one voice and offers far too little with another. Though the human drama everywhere is played in competitions between inborn qualities and gifts which are never alike in weakness or in strength, cant promises to give all mankind perfect freedom and equal opportunities. With what results? Are millionaires and the poor to be canceled? No; millionaires are to thrive in the ideal world promised by political cant; they are to be acute politicians poetically in love with universal equality; they and the poor are to live together as perpetual cronies, exchanging birthday wishes and other mild salutations. For the poor will be forever satisfied with their lot because the humblest Bardolph among them will have the same voting power as a new Shakespeare. Cant's emblem for ideal reform is a turtle lying on its back.

If cant were not altogether silly, if it blended untruth and good sense in half-and-half proportions, its appeals to human gullibility would become

original, and it would still be able to captivate the foolish by offering to obtain more progress in a decade than wisdom would try to get in fifty years. And cant-mongers could put some humor into their propaganda, which at present they decline to do wittingly. They could say to the millionaires: "Men with your gifts will continue to gather wealth, just as authors will continue to write books; but in future no collector of success, however rich, shall be saved by tips and rates and charity subscriptions from becoming a practical democrat. He shall feel at first-hand the utmost swelter of base toil. On board ship he shall do spells of work with the black gang, and ashore he shall test on certain days some of the meanest labor that failures have to bear all the year round. Though equality is unattainable, success shall labor at times among those who in fifty-five years of toil—from fifteen to seventy—will not earn six thousand pounds all told."

Cant might be an ironist in many moods, and yet produce infinite discomfort and annoyance. So there's no need for it to dishonor the big human brain by being a slave to complete silliness. When men who earn many thousands a year offer impossible hopes to needy voters, accompanied by a minimum wage of five-and-twenty magic shillings a week, silly cant from one social atmosphere emigrates into another at variance with it, and political high explosives are slowly compounded. The rich would not put into circulation any false hope if they knew what it is to rear an ill-nourished family in a tenement of one room. They would wish to bring fresh air and comfort into all the housing problems before they asked the poor to think of anything else. For the difference between progress and change has to be considered, true national progress being a citizen in-

doors with an improving family life, while change is an adventurer outside the home. Change will turn prospering farms into crowded factories, while employing King Jerry to degrade a birth-rate that increases.

A rational ground plan of thought to transform bad houses into good homes would be to practical statesmanship what correct figures are to arithmetic. Yet the poor are asked to prattle with joy over the bubbles blown by the silliest cant. They are to find fresh air and health and ease in boastful talk about perpetual peace, for instance, not perpetual peace in the struggle for daily bread, but between peoples who are rivals in trade and in age and growth.

That peace must begin her work in civil life is a truism that cant never for a moment notices. After this war nations must embrace one another till doomsday while retaining in their civil life the primitive war between individuals—a bitter war, unceasing, protean, and relentless. If war between nations is to be abolished by democracy, as canting statesmen declare, why not private war between trade and trade, men and men, family and family. Why should finance remain pitiless at home if nations are to orchestrate their rivalries into harmony? Fluent orators and financial magnates turn away from these questions; but let me venture to ask them another. Since it was infamous for Germany to invade Belgium, why should it be fair and good business for a vast trading company to devour the little trades and shops in its neighborhood? Are we to have two moral standards—the better one to be used in the abnormal strife called armed warfare and the inferior one in the normal strife called peace? If so, for what good and necessary reason?

It is odd that pacifists fail to see that militancy would grow feeble were it



not nourished and sustained by excessive contests for bread and money. German dumping and financial annexations were to the strife of peace what German submarine campaigns have been to armed warfare. Yet Britain welcomed as free trade the dumping that undercut her own fair market prices and permitted many of her industries to pass under German control. Cant told her to sell her birthright to imported cheapness and cunning.

Note, too, that it is usually in armed warfare that trading communities are alarmed and horrified by the sufferings of women and children from unnecessary strife or from causes which ought not to be present in a civilized period. Why talk almost with composure about the dreadful hardships imposed on women and children by ignorance, carelessness, penury, failure, and bankruptcy? Why imply that it is only in criminal acts of armed warfare that horrible tolls are taken from child-life and from girlhood and womanhood? If all evils in daily life could be seen at work day after day through a year of business competition, would any statesman have the effrontery to praise the ravages of normal times as peace?

Our new Minister of Education has told us that our national physique is much below the standard of a great people. Why has it degenerated? Partly because British agriculture was sacrificed by cant to the slovenly

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overgrowth of industrialism, partly because a free trade in venereal disease was sanctioned for many years by another phase of cant, and partly because the housing problems became so intricate that they could not be disentangled by the fierce rivalries in party politics.

Many things in daily strife are dangerous, many are disgusting, and many others unjust and cruel, yet the untruth that glorifies "peace" continues to circulate from humbugs. Armed warfare should be left to the material peacemaking imposed upon nations by the present known costs of fighting with modernized weapons. Material deterrents are always more effective than moral precepts. What nation in the future is at all likely to seek an armed conflict, which would devour lives by the million and money by the thousand million in pounds sterling? The warfare to be feared most by our descendants will be commercial and industrial strife between citizens and between whole nations, for large populations will be brought to ruin if they fall behind in productive skill and zeal or if they find too much disunion in strikes and trusts. Swift and clever Eastern hands will fight for supremacy over the West in all markets undefended by tariffs, and armed warfare may issue from Western tariffs if they do much harm over a period of years to the industrialized East.

Walter Shaw Sparrow.

## ZERO.

("Zero-hour"—commonly known as "Zero"—is the hour fixed for the opening of an Infantry attack.)

I woke at dawn and flung the window wide.

Behind the hedge the lazy river ran;

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The dusky barges idled down the tide;

In the laburnum-tree the birds began;

And it was May and half the world in flower;

I saw the sun creep over an Eastward brow,

And thought, "It may be, this is Zero-hour;  
Somewhere the lads are 'going over' now."

Somewhere the guns speak sudden on the height

And build for miles their battlement of fire;

Somewhere the men that shivered all the night

Peer anxious forth and scramble through the wire,

Swarm slowly out to where the Maxims bark,

And green and red the panic rockets rise;

And Hell is loosed, and shyly sings a lark,

And the red sun climbs sadly up the skies.

Now they have won some sepulchred Gavrelle,

Some shattered homes in their own dust concealed;

Now no Bosh troubles them nor any shell,

But almost quiet holds the thankful field,

While men draw breath, and down the Arras road

Come the slow mules with battle's dreary stores,

And there is time to see the wounded stowed,

And stretcher-squads besiege the doctors' doors.

Then belches Hell anew. And all day long  
The afflicted place drifts heavenward in dust;

Punch.

All day the shells shriek out their devils' song;

All day men cling close to the earth's charred crust;

Till, in the dusk, the Huns come on again,

And, like some sluice, the watchers up the hill

Let loose the guns and flood the soil with slain,

And they go back, but scourge the village still.

I see it all. I see the same brave souls  
Tonight, tomorrow, though the half be gone,

Deafened and dazed, and hunted from their holes,

Helpless and hunger-sick, but holding on.

I shall be happy all the long day here,  
But not till night shall they go up the steep,

And, nervous now because the end is near,

Totter at last to quietness and to sleep.

And men who find it easier to forget  
In England here, among the daffodils,

That there in France are fields unflowered yet,

And murderous May-days on the unlovely hills—

Let them go walking where the land is fair

And watch the breaking of a morn in May,

And think, "It may be Zero over there,  
But here is Peace"—and kneel awhile.  
and pray.

#### GOING INTO THE COUNTRY.

Writers, those self-consciousnesses of the self-conscious age, are doomed sometimes to turn on themselves and ask whether the enthusiasms they

foster and frequently share are not pretences, bred of books and useless to the spirit. Now, there is no enthusiasm prevalent today which has

better vocal expression among writers and is more adopted by those whom they lead than what publishers, and occasionally railway companies, call "the cult of the country." But this very enthusiasm wakes in the hearts of its inculcators the most lively distrust. Are we not, they ask themselves, following a literary tradition which is the most faded and the most deceptive in literature? Are we not comparable to the hardly rustic Virgil, whose views on the generation of bees spell bankruptcy to the credulous bee-farmer, and whose poems produce agricultural ruin, wherever they are widely studied? Are we not, in short, the dupes or the exploiters of a convention as unreal in essence as the cult of the 'nineties for the music-hall? Does the country on which we write exist outside our own books?

To all this interrogatory, a strong but usually dumb instinct returns an obstinate reply. And the writers, still questioning, withdraw into the country whenever they have the chance. More persistently than even the tired Titans of commerce, they retreat to green fields, followed by their disciples and ever fleeing them, so that London throws out round her concentric rings of authors, each ring seeking to avoid, as Villiers de l'Isle Adam said of the romantic Red Indian, not the dangers but the banalities of civilization. There must be something in all this. The affected man, with one eye on the drawing-rooms of the rich and the other on his royalty accounts, may wear uncomfortable clothes or inconveniently suppress his natural likings in food or drink; but he will not, if he really like picture-palaces and trams, separate himself from them by a hundred miles of rail and prohibitive fares. And his readers and equally those who do not read him follow him into the country whenever an opportunity offers. The week-end habit is

one of the most remarkable features of modern life. There must be some powerful reason which draws the mammoth stockbroker and the leviathan newspaper owner from the Empire and the Ritz.

It is a platitude, of course, if one says that modern civilization produces nerves. But, like all platitudes on civilization, it gains in force if the attempt be made to apply it to ancient times. Greece and Rome knew nothing about nerves; neither had they the true week-end habit. The Roman senator proceeded periodically with pomp to his country villa; and when he was there he was there for some time. He could no more conceive the hurried bolt of Saturday, the placid sluggishness of Sunday, and the dismal return of Monday than he could imagine an electric tram. This is a serious matter which has escaped the attention of the sociologists who complacently examine and adjudicate upon the fall of Empires. The pace of modern life—the tube, the tram, the lift, the cinema, are factors which materially complicate the problem of civilization. Add to this the incomparable and incurable dirtiness of the air in modern towns, and you have the causes which drive men into the country. Mr. W. H. Davies writes with little elegance but much point:

The City has black spit,  
The City's breath is stale.

And then:

The Country has sweet breath,  
The Country's spit is white.

This is quite true; but how long has it been true? It would have meant little enough to Herrick or Catullus or Aristophanes. They, if they fled at all, fled from the enemy of their mental quiet, from society; but we have a powerful motive to flee a concrete danger to our health. The growth of

modern conditions has produced a reaction which is far-reaching in its effects, and which has not yet attained its full development.

So much for our strongest motive—one which is quite sufficient. But there is something more in the country than a mere remedy to be taken in doses when required. The charm of the country is, no doubt, very well set off by the unpleasantness of modern cities; but it exists in itself. What is this charm that draws us either in flesh or on paper? What, indeed, is the country? It is not land unspoiled by human influence. Very little of England, none of the parts that are peculiarly England, is not tamed, disciplined and made comely by the work of man. You may walk mile after mile, day after day, without ever being out of sight of his traces. The hedge may be untrimmed, but a man drew it in a straight line. The road may be half fallen away and altogether overgrown, but roads do not come of themselves. The bank of the stream may be infinitely lonely at all hours, but men modeled the stream out of a swamp or a torrent. In the loneliest part of the South Downs you are likely at any moment to come across a stone barn or a belled sheep; or, if neither of these, at least an earthwork guarding the straight path just under the crest of the hills. The Mendips have even notice-boards to warn off trespassers on the barren heather.

It is in this humanity of the countryside that nowadays we find its beauty. We have rejected the rather sterile and rather pretentious cult of the late eighteenth century for wild nature. We like fields with hedges, we like tracks and paths, streams with tended banks, well-kept woods with rides cut through them. There is no sight in the world more depressing than a neglected wood. We are not now on the whole a prey to that call

of the wild which still devastates some popular novelists. We have reconciled the love of Nature with the love of man; and we refuse to believe that, where every prospect pleases man can be wholly vile.

Agriculture, they say, is still numerically the greatest of British industries. Reflection on this gives one a queer feeling of comfort that, in going into the country, one is not altogether a reactionary who has fled from important events. The great industry has made the country (in our special sense) what it is and is constantly maintaining it. The peasant or the farm-laborer is still—in spite of motor-ploughs—a hand-worker, and this gives him his perpetual interest in his work, with its variety of tasks and his genuine though dumb love for it. We seldom hear a townsman speak as proudly of his factory as a farm-laborer of the soil which he tills for a wage. The countryman is engaged in partnership with living things; he finds his land companionable and makes a work of art of it. Hence he has his shrewdness and his kindness; he feels with the things he handles. There can be few who have not thrilled at Marty South's words in *The Woodlanders*, when she says of the trees she is helping to plant, that so soon as they are set upright in the earth they begin to whisper with their leaves, as though they knew that their troubles were beginning. Her saying is very like Mr. Hardy, to be sure, but it is not at all unlike a country girl. The countryman's whole world is alive and he feels towards it emotions of living friendliness. Waste is something more to him than an economic fact; it is an insult to Nature. Mr. Joseph Campbell grasped very well the feeling of the peasant when he wrote:

The silence of unlabored fields  
Lies like a judgment on the air.

These lines reveal the deep force which dwells in the country—a reserve force which manifests itself less often in words than in manual labor.

Manual labor, of course, is prescribed as a cure for nerves. But it is not in this alone that the contentment of the countryman lies, or the fascination of his toil and its results for the mind-driven townsman. There are manual workers enough in factories, handling machines and manufactured articles and depending every day for livelihood on the quickness of hand or wrist. It is the countryman's perpetual manipulation of a living thing so as to make and keep it sweet and docile that attracts us. His work is essentially that of an artist. His hedge is his own creation, and there is no more enjoyable work in the world than that of trimming a hedge. There is also no more beautiful thing in the world than a hedge of some length, which follows the undulations of the ground and which is trimmed well and with proper regard to the different sorts of tree in it. In those parts of the country, such as the Cotswolds, where they prefer stone walls, the landscape has perhaps a bleaker and less amiable appearance; but these walls are extremely beautiful, and it must be a great pleasure either to build or to repair them. A wall of loose stones is by no means the easy matter that it

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looks, and the men whom one sees busy with them at the roadside have an artist's air of absorption and consideration.

There is, again, an immediate connection between even the underpaid agricultural worker and the result of his work. The young men whom one can see incredibly making blouses on sewing-machines in the East End will never wear one of those blouses; it is not likely that they will even walk out with a young woman who does. But the farm laborer—

Working stooped amid the golden ears,  
Or taking the sweet apples from the boughs  
And laying them by rows in country  
lofts

—knows that he will presently eat some of what he is handling. His work is real to him in a sense rarely experienced by the factory or the brain worker. This is not to say that these unfortunates should immediately plunge into the country and buy farms; they would find their work then only too cruelly real. But it goes some way towards explaining the spirit that fills the cultivated lands of England, and towards explaining the genuine desire of modern men to look for refreshment, at least for a little while, out of their hurried and grimy towns.

### OFF LENS.

The happy woods, fields and meadows roll into one another for miles and miles, stretching their greenness to the blue sky and smiling to the wooing sun; the car seems to be conscious of the universal joy and bounds madly on like a deer intoxicated by the Spring breezes; the sun, the speed, and every now and then the dust raised by a procession of lorries,

are too much for your eyes and thoughts, and you shut your eyes, opening them only when a whiff of bagpipe lyricism searching your innermost being makes you feel that it is all true and that the Highlanders marching past the harsh-eyed German road-menders are not a dream; that the black sphinxes you see squatting on the horizon must be the dross-hills



and ventilating machines of Bully-Grenay, and that the grand scene you are seeking cannot be far.

No warning is given you. Suddenly the car is toiling up a solitary road between the comfortable houses of a large village, with a high-shouldered church and a *château* with indented gables on your right; and in one moment you realize that war has been here, that the *château*, church and houses may be standing, but the swearing rage of artillery has shattered their windows, roofs and partitions, making life a burden for the inhabitants until nobody has felt like facing the morrow except an old man feeding a few chickens and, at the edge of the wood, an invisible woman who advertises in imperfect English that she takes in washing.

Past the village rises a woody upland showing here and there on its sunny slopes crumbling trenches or rusty wires; there are shell holes, too, in plenty, but the trees have not been hit hard, and Nature is fast making her losses good. The road alone, unhelpt by plant or man, is beyond repair; so much so that, at a crossing near the ridgeway, your guide decides that the car had better go down a valley you see to your right, and you proceed on foot.

In a few minutes you are clear of the wood, and you find yourself on the broad green back of a hill with other hills in the hazy distance. "Where are we?" "Why! Notre-Dame de Lorette! the ruins you see over there are those of Mont Saint-Eloy, and the hill in front of us is the Vimy Ridge."

Cannon is booming all round, but the strong breeze brews its sounds, and they melt in a dull, deep swell, so continuous that in a few moments it is not noticed any more, and the great names you have just heard fill your ears to the exclusion of anything else. The calmness of the summer morning

is too complete to admit of any recollections in strong opposition to it: Notre-Dame de Lorette and Vimy are the titles of sanguinary chapters in the history of the War it is true, but just now they are only sacred names bearing their significance in themselves; their solemnity is undisturbed by imaginations of mad scrambling or horrible slaughter. Your guide and yourself are alone on the grassy plateau, and wherever you look not another human being is to be seen; the white road down below meanders in full view for miles, but you see nobody go up or down it; there are no sounds of distant cartings, no ploughman's song rising from a field, but the swallows chase one another in frantic joy and a buffoon of a crow tries his awkward somersault a hundred times over, as if this were a verdant Cornwall district and the booming were only the seas playing along the cliff. The ruins of Ablain-Saint-Nazaire church which you gradually see rising above the lip at your right is so beautiful: the white arches, flamboyant windows, and tall tower recall so much the happy wanderings of other years, that war seems an absurd dream, and the awe you are conscious of has every now and then to be explained to yourself.

Yet there are shell holes every twenty steps, and wires trail among the dandelions, and old trenches zigzag everywhere in indescribable confusion. You come to another trench which evidently is still used, and after following this a few minutes you hear a muffled murmur of conversation somewhere, which as you listen suggests Edinburgh Castle and quaint talks with its custodian; and in fact you soon find yourself in an underground observation post listening to the telephoning of two Scotch artillery men. You look out at the slits on which daisies have decided to bloom, and you see war at last. Between where you

are and the hills where Angres and Liévin display their red brick houses flaming in the light, great chalky slopes curve away from you; and there in rapid succession and at unexpected spots English guns flash, so quickly that the light is more a gleam than a lightning. Just beneath you German shells send up their black cloud, generally at settled intervals, every now and then in batches of five or six, pretending to be very clever and to take everybody by surprise. "He is very angry today, sir," explains one of the Scottish voices, while the officer who accompanies me announces that we shall see shells bursting in that identical spot all day, as "*he* may be methodical, but *he* has no imagination."

Methodical or not, imaginative or not, the Boche is nowhere to be seen. The Lens chimneys are smoking, but strain your eyes as you will through the field-glass you see no trace of life in either Angres or Liévin: the scorching sun alone has the range of the red streets and of the gardens outside; nothing stirs along the straight roads which I see on the other side of the Vimy ridge stretching towards once familiar villages; and there are no indications of any sort of activity between the sheets of water beside Swallow's Wood and the houses of Lens. Yet the enemy is there, he must be there; and when you ramble into the open and are told that "*he* sees you," you entertain no doubt that this is true. But modern warfare is carried on in solitude interrupted only by terrible encounters, and the strange tension of which one is conscious in the air through which shells and aero-

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planes and luminous messages and electric waves travel unceasingly is as terrible as anything one ever saw from the towers of a fortress.

Later in the day my guide and I tumbled on a battalion of Canadians snugly accommodated behind a spur where no eye can see, no shell can find them. There, on a narrow space but securely and happily, they lived the busy life which fills the days of soldiers when they are neither watching nor marching. I was under the spell which one domineering consciousness will frequently lay upon our minds, and enjoying that unique feeling of solitude which I had begun to cherish several hours before; but how grateful I was for meeting those men! how delightedly I exchanged the selfish pleasure I had found in the poetry of solitude and destruction for admiration of the brave souls I was introduced to! As you must seek the monk in his cloister and the artist in his studio, you must seek the soldier where he has just fought and expects soon to fight again. There will you hear simple speeches which can show you life and the world as you used to see them before words, gestures, and the multitudinous deceit of social existence made an accompaniment of falseness to them. There will you realize that it is better to be in danger of losing one's life than of losing one's soul. I have read most of the great books and listened to several men who have left great names. Beautiful thoughts and beautiful words have not left upon me the impression which the ungrammatical English or the quaint French of these soldiers created.

*Ernest Dimnet.*

### BRIMSTONE AND TREACLE.

Food is probably the most serious Englishman, and far be it from us to subject that can be considered by an treat the matter lightly. In the days

of the Methuen Treaty we drank ourselves to victory in the mantling wines of Oporto, and if today we could only get to Berlin upon a diet of bracken fronds and rhubarb leaves, it might be less pleasant, but we should all do it. There is, however, some little danger of confused thought upon this subject, especially since the food question has been taken up by our old friends the Capitolian geese. We understand that at one time Lord Devonport had the advice of several eminent men of science; but one by one he showed them all the door, and took the daughter of the vine to spouse in the shape of Mr. Kennedy Jones, whose chief education has been in what we might call the Northcliffe laboratories. Since the advent of this gentleman the Ministry of Food has moved in its Pindaric way from one astonishing statement to another. Food has always been a favorite subject with the crank, for the disordered mind not infrequently proceeds from the disordered stomach, and in the present case it would seem as if all the Food cranks in the world had been concentrated in the Ministry and instructed to preach their doctrines to a helpless and bewildered nation. And the worst of it is that every statement made is hailed by the Northcliffe Press as if it were an established scientific discovery on which life and victory depend. If this goes on we predict that the digestion of the British people will be infallibly ruined, its youth stunted, and its life embittered.

Thus, for example, we see it stated that the nation could live on its waste, and the Northcliffe Press has been lashing itself into a fury over the fact that a slice of bread was recently found on Hampstead Heath. Now, as a matter of fact, this subject of waste was very carefully investigated by Dr. Atwater, the greatest authority,

perhaps, in the world upon such subjects, and the results were published by the Agricultural Department of the United States. He found that the waste in the average family was quite small: in bread it amounted to about  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Even in the British Army, where the waste of food used to be rather distressing, it was found on experiment to amount to only about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Then we are advised that we can do with half the amount of food if we only chew it double the time! We suppose that there may be some grain of truth somewhere in all the extravagances on this subject of mastication. But, generally speaking, custom and instinct are sound enough guides. Waste of time and energy in chewing will be the only result for most people who follow such advice. Where there is most waste is in fat, a very valuable food, because it clings to the plate; but the amount of fat which goes away with the gravy would not save the nation. As to bread rations, the Food Controller's allowance is probably sufficient for well-to-do people who can afford to eat substitutes or lead sedentary lives; but we are informed on excellent authority that the ration contains only one-third of the sustenance which a working man needs and half what is required by boys and girls. Careful experiments show that the human machine is in this respect much like other machines: the work is in proportion to the fuel consumed. A brain-worker is at liberty to underfeed himself as much as he likes, and the poet may cultivate literature on a little oatmeal. But if you reduce the workingman's diet you reduce his output, and so the saving of food in his case is of doubtful utility. As for boys and girls their natural appetites are a guide to health, and we tremble to think what the plea of patriotism, added to the incentive of economy, may produce in the rising

generation. It will be a bad economy indeed to stunt the growth of our children.

Now we do not write this article to damp the national ardor in this matter. On the contrary, we think that much might be done if scientific minds were applied to the problem. Our warning is against the Capitoline clamor which in this case is only encouraging the enemy and bemusing the nation. The problem as it appears to us is largely a problem of substitution. It might almost seem as if Lord Devonport and Mr. Kennedy Jones had never sat down and thought the subject out. What is the position? England has become too much devoted to meat production. There are probably fifty million head of stock of all kinds and at least sixty million poultry in this country. This is not only an enormous reserve, but from the food point of view a somewhat wasteful reserve. It might be better to reduce our herds by killing at a younger age and dispensing with the ceremonial fattening, which adds a little to the quality of meat at a great expense of feeding stuffs. Lord Devonport, on the contrary, by his maximum prices for wheat, his meatless days, and his disastrous experiments in fixing the price of cattle food, has almost forced both the farmer and the public to consume more cereals, the one to feed itself and the other to feed his cattle. We should rather encourage the killing of meat, and then there

The London Post.

would be more cereals for human consumption. As to cereals, this country imports mainly wheat, of which it gets five million tons from abroad and grows 1.6 million tons; it produces one million tons and imports 600,000 tons of barley; it grows three million tons and imports 800,000 tons of oats; it grows  $7\frac{1}{2}$  million tons of potatoes, 25 million tons of swedes, 10 million tons of mangels, and 260,000 tons of beans and peas; and it imports  $2\frac{1}{2}$  million tons of maize and 100,000 tons of peas and beans. These figures show that there is no cause for alarm if the situation is handled with knowledge and good sense. We suggest that Lord Devonport is not the man for the job. His experience is the experience of a wholesale and retail grocer on a great scale: the concern with which he was connected is typical of Free Trade England. It is an example of the multiple shop: it imported wholesale from abroad and distributed through a vast number of retail stores. Lord Devonport thrived on Free Trade, but English agriculture did not thrive upon Lord Devonport. And to run such a system successfully did not require any knowledge of science, of agriculture, or of human nature. We suggest that this matter ought not to be entrusted to such hands: it is much too dangerous and delicate. What we need we might obtain from our new Board of Agriculture.

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### THE SUPERB RECORD OF ITALY.

Everyone who wishes to see Germany beaten and brought to submission must rejoice without reserve at the glorious success of Italian arms. After the British and French offensives it was Italy's turn; and nobly has she risen to the occasion. The record of Italy has been exceptionally good

throughout this war, good from the moral, the intellectual, and from the military point of view; and we have not the least doubt that she will come out of the struggle one of the greatest and most respected of all World Powers.

To take first what we may call her

conduct from the ethical or moral point of view. We must always remember that at the start of the war Italy was most awkwardly, even cruelly, placed. She was a member of the Triple Alliance, and her ties could not altogether be regarded as a dead letter in 1914. By this alliance she was necessarily entangled with Germany, and, besides, her trade and financial relations with that country were intimate and valuable. The German moved beneath the surface of things in large parts of Italy no less than he did in England. Moreover, Italy had in power at the start of the war a Government tinged with a pro-German element, guided by an extraordinarily astute manager of men, and parties—an "old Parliamentary hand" if ever there were one, a balancer among balancers. By going in with the Central Powers in 1914 or 1915 Italy, it is certain, could have secured pledges quite as ample as any the Entente could make her; and as Germany, on the whole, was greatly in the ascendant in 1914 and 1915, it may well have seemed "better business" to go in with the Central Powers than with the Entente. We know what Bulgaria decided in a like position. In fact, there were some astute Italians who doubtless desired this course, whilst there were many others who insisted that at least she should remain neutral—stand by and get what she could out of the war when the others were spent. The narrow view of self-interest and the obligation or tradition at least of the Triple Alliance urged that Italy should stand out altogether if she did not go in with the Central Powers. But Italy swept aside all such mean calculations and entanglements, and, despite the fact that her treasures had been heavily drawn on lately by the war in Tripoli, she boldly went in on the side of the Entente at the close of May two years ago.

It was an heroic resolve, which must put her forever in the forefront of nations who have struck for right and justice regardless of the peril to themselves.

We say, "Bravo, Italy!" when we recall that grand decision of hers in May 1915. And Italians, we are sure, will understand it is no fulsome compliment we pay them in duty bound. There is a real and fervent enthusiasm over Italy's war record among her friends and admirers in this country. Those who feel about Italy here have not chosen to profess very loudly and often; yet they feel deeply:

Open my heart and you will see  
Graved inside of it, "Italy."

Then, intellectually, we know of no country better worth following today than Italy. We have not hidden our view that she has long been the most reasoning, cool-headed, safest authority and adviser in many matters relating to the Balkans. The Balkan question, scorned of the ignoramus and dead-head because of its complexity, is one of extraordinary charm and interest. Because we are bound to concentrate on the Western Front and reach a decision there it does not follow that the Balkans are not important, and Italy's attention to them is invaluable. People now see Italy, too, has been, on the whole, sound about Greece, though we shall not go into that question now. Nor can we resist the strong feeling that had the Entente adopted Italian views in this matter from the outset it would have saved men and saved money and saved prestige. The Entente has not done strikingly well in those regions, but for that we must not blame Italy.

Italy then, if we examine her record, comes out of the struggle well on the intellectual as on the moral side. And today what a magnificent military feat is hers! Fighting



against some of the most difficult country for an offensive in Europe, and against the picked divisions of a proud old army which we all fell into the careless habit of belittling in the earlier phases of the war, the Italians have made amazing progress towards Trieste. Today they stand on the slopes of Hermada and menace the arms of the Central Powers on the Adriatic. The Austrians claim to have taken many prisoners, and we shall not question that the Army of General Cadorna has steelled itself to sacrifices.

But it has made a wonderful advance and is threatening the enemy in a most vital spot. Trieste is within ten miles, and beyond lies the great naval port of Pola! A glance at the country in which this has been done is enough to assure one that when Angelo started with his dagger to engage Weisspriess, the first swordsman of "the old army," he had scarcely a more desperate task than Italy when she hurled herself against Austria among these strongholds. More valor and more skill have not been seen since the war began. We owe homage and gladly pay it to this great

*The Saturday Review.*

Ally. The Adriatic has been a calamitous sea for the Allied cause, but now there is an earnest of Italy coming by her own, and the clouds begin to lift. We all know her goal and her just and inevitable claims. They were set forth in her demands to Austria so far back as December 1914, when she insisted that the cowardly and brutal invasion of gallant Serbia came under the operation of the seventh Article of the Triple Alliance, and they have been restated clearly enough lately in General Cadorna's official circular to his troops. They are based on no petty greed for "acquisitions." They include, no doubt, strategical positions, which, as Mr. Asquith has implied in speaking of the war generally, cannot be overlooked. These are supremely essential if we are to have peace in the future. We have not the least fear that Italy in her hour of triumph which is certainly coming, and in the Risorgimento that must crown it, will prove ungenerous towards any Ally of this country, including Serbia. All will be well whilst Italian arms prevail and when the resettlement of the Adriatic is effected.

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#### MR. WILSON SPEAKS OUT.

Mr. Balfour's return to his own country after the most successful of Missions from one great people to another, is closely followed by a fresh proof of the unity of purpose between England and the United States. President Wilson has made a communication to the Russian Government which is in fact addressed to the common sense and to the conscience of every individual citizen of the Allied democracies. We trust that it will be spread broadcast and without delay amongst the great people to whose rulers it has been in the first place directed,

because we cannot easily conceive anything better adapted to scatter the clouds of untruth and of sophistry with which the enemy has been seeking to darken and confuse them. There are newspapers in Russia which have followed the traditions of the autocracy by suppressing the news of the American registration, and have mentioned the great speech of M. Ribot in the Chamber and the solemn affirmation by that body of the war aims of France, only to insinuate that neither represents the voice of the French people. They are doing an ill service

to the cause of liberty, and we rejoice that Mr. Wilson has spoken out in a fashion which cannot be hid. The wonderful success of the registration shows how thoroughly his fellow-citizens are with him. They have answered the impudent suggestion of a German newspaper made only a few days ago, that in their hearts and consciences they know "Herr Wilson's war" to be frivolous, superfluous, and immoral, by "hurrying enthusiastically to the Colors," as that journal rightly predicted they would do in a cause which they knew to be just. Mr. Wilson addresses Russia with the directness with which he has spoken to Americans. In his exposure of German intrigue, as in the statement of his own policy, he is downright and clear. In the more recent phases of that intrigue—phases which unhappily have found a good many dupes in Russia—he rightly discerns the desperate and unscrupulous efforts of a ruling caste which is playing for its last stake. Writing before the latest British victories, he was already able to point out that the war "had begun to go against Germany." Defeat means the downfall of the caste at home and the destruction of the power they have misused abroad. This is the result which they are eager, at all costs and by any means, to avert. That is why they are courting men whom they despise and simulating democratic beliefs which they detest. But the real objects of such schemes as the Stockholm conference and of their patronage of Socialist diplomacy are to keep a firm grip of their predominance in Germany and to pursue their boundless plans of aggression "all the way from Berlin to Bagdad and beyond." For nearly half a century they have woven a "net of intrigue" against the peace and liberty of the world. "The meshes of that net," President Wilson declares, "must

be broken" and so broken that never again can it be rewoven or repaired.

The German Government, "and those whom it is using to their own undoing," are anxious for pledges that the war shall end in the restoration of the *status quo*. Of course they are, and Mr. Wilson with remorseless hand strips off the rags of righteousness under which they seek to hide their motives. They want the *status quo* because the *status quo* enabled them to lay their plans and to make their preparations for this war, and because its restoration would enable them to begin at once making ready for the "next war," to which they already look forward. With one accord the Allies have vowed that this *status* must be so altered as to defeat their purpose. Mr. Wilson sees quite clearly the means by which this vow can be fulfilled and the errors which would make it vain. Twice over he insists that no settlement is possible until the wrongs that have been done are undone, until due safeguards are taken to prevent their repetition, until necessary readjustments are made—until, in short, practical questions are settled in a practical way. That, he points out, is the only way in which they can be settled. "Phrases will not accomplish the result." "Remedies must be found as well as statements of principle that will have a pleasing and sonorous sound." But the settlement is to be a settlement based upon principle, and the principles which Mr. Wilson names are, it need hardly be said, in general accordance with those for which in Europe the Allies have been fighting all along. Sovereignty is not to be forced upon any people against their consent; changes of territory are to be made solely for the advantage of the inhabitants; indemnities are to be limited to payments for wrongs done, and readjustments of power to those which will tend to the

future peace of the world. Finally, Mr. Wilson describes anew that vision of the reconstituted society of nations which he has painted in such glowing colors on former occasions. He looks forward to a "workable partnership" for the purpose of protecting it against the aggressions of autocracy. This ideal, it seems to us, is likely to make a very strong appeal to the imaginations and the hearts of the Russian masses, who have often been profoundly moved by exalted spiritual aims.

Not the least impressive or the least valuable part of the President's communication is the exhortation to be up and doing with which it concludes—an exhortation reiterated in substance by Sir George Buchanan in a speech at Petrograd. Mr. Wilson warns all whom lesser matters distract that "the day has come to conquer or submit." The enemy is trying by all manner of insidious arts to divide us. The wireless message sent to the Russian troops in the trenches assuring them that a separate armistice, as dis-

*The Times.*

tinguished from a separate peace, would not involve any breach of faith with the Allies, is a sample of German military honor in these matters, which the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates have met as it deserved. If tricks or subterfuges of that kind were to prove successful and to split the Alliance, then, as Mr. Wilson bluntly says, the forces of autocracy would overcome us. But if we stand together, as the events of each succeeding week encourage the expectation that we shall stand, "victory is certain and the liberty which victory will secure." When they are won, he adds, we can afford to be generous, but neither now nor then can we afford to be weak, "or omit any single guarantee of justice and security." We trust that this remarkable utterance with its practical shrewdness, its breadth of view, and its lofty and generous ideals, will have upon all Allied and neutral peoples the effect which it will assuredly have upon the British democracies.

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### THE DEAD WHO DIED FOR IRELAND.

Major Willie Redmond's death repeats the glorious tragedy of Kettle's, and just in the same guise. When Kettle entered the Irish Party fresh from the National University in Dublin Willie Redmond had long been a veteran; but no one ever thought of the senior member as a middle-aged man. If he had lived to the Scriptural three-score-and-ten, Willie would still have been a boy—if the War had not intervened. In the House of Commons, which is one of the fairest and most discerning assemblies in the world socially, whatever it may lack in other respects, he was a universal favorite. It was impossible for any man to dislike him. He had a way with

him which smoothed away frowns and opened stern lips to laughter. Like Kettle, he was a great master of repartee; but his happiest jokes were in the shape of interjections in debate.

I remember the first thing that struck me about Willie Redmond when I first met him many years ago in the House of Commons was his voice. He had a very musical brogue, in spite of a great huskiness. Though he was not, until these latter years of stress and sorrow, regarded as a serious speaker in the House of Commons, outside St. Stephen's he was looked on as one of the finest orators in the Irish Party, with a singular power of moving audiences,

When he entered Irish politics in the 'eighties he took to them heartily. Under the Forster régime he was lodged in Kilmainham, where his rest was on a plank bed. This was on account of his very active assistance in that clever tactic of the land war known as the "Plan of Campaign." Like all other militant Irishmen, he was several times removed from the House by *force majeure*, but always came back smiling.

He was a man of extraordinary courtesy and consideration, without a particle of self or class-consciousness. He was a very fervent Catholic who, time and again, fought the clergy tooth-and-nail. At the time of the great Parnellite split he was as active as his brother on behalf of the fallen Chief, and his strong advocacy earned much clerical displeasure. It was the same over the Education Question, when the Irish Party did not see eye-to-eye with the clerics. His English friends must have been often surprised that such an ultramontane Catholic should have preserved his loyalty to his Church and his political creed at the same time; but this, though it never appears to be accepted by Ulster or English Unionists, is almost a commonplace of Irish politics and politicians.

He has not been much in the House of Commons since, at the beginning of the War, at the age of 54—gray, but gay—he took to the hard life of the active soldier. Such speeches as he has made within this last twelve months have had in them much gravity and fervor. His pleading has strongly moved the House of Commons, and the memory of it moves all England today. I would hope from such a feeling, poignant and widespread, and felt by the  
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political opponents of Irish nationality in this country and Ireland, a solving of the whole difficulty of Irish government; but public feeling is an ephemeral thing, and when I think of poor, chivalrous Tom Kettle lying forgotten, in spite of his passionate plea for unity amongst his own folk, and of his dying request that England should be good to his country, I have misgivings. "Greater love hath no man than this, that he should lay down his life for his friend." What shall be said of the men who fought and fell for an hereditary enemy in the hour of her greatest danger and tribulation? Lieut. Kettle and Major Redmond believed that this War was Ireland's as well as England's as did the thousands of their dead countrymen, obscure heroes, remembered only in little cabins and in humble houses, in the island across the Irish Sea. I believe with Captain Gwynn that as regards the Irish at the front—Protestant and Catholic, Unionist and Nationalist—the men who have occupied the same trenches and advanced side by side against the common enemy can never hate one another again (those who return to their country), and that a common heroism will create a common comradeship.

It is bitter to think that the sacramental blood of the Irish and Ulster divisions, which has been shed so freely abroad, may not cleanse away the disaffection at home. It is as bitter and a more cynical reflection that England, which is generous today, may be forgetful tomorrow. The Irish remember an old song, "Bravo, Dublin Fusiliers!" They remember a more recent one, "It's a long, long way to Tipperary." Does England really remember? It is time, and overtime, that a very old debt were paid.

*Louis J. McQuilland.*

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Whoever buys Helen Leah Reed's sketch of "Serbia" will have the double satisfaction of reading the tragic history of one of the least understood of the European family of nations, and of contributing the full cost of the volume to the Serbian Distress Fund. The book is bound in Serbian blue; carries on the cover an appealing figure in three colors; and has four sepia illustrations. It may be bought at any bookstore, or direct from the author at Riverbank Court, Cambridge.

The answer which Dr. Henry B. Wilson, in his little book "Does Christ Still Heal?" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), gives to the question expressed in his title is an emphatic affirmative. He holds that "When Christians of any sect declare themselves to be followers of Jesus of Nazareth and His teachings, they assume a belief which obligates them to the practice of bodily healing by faith as truly as to the cure of souls." The reasons by which he reaches this conclusion are strongly urged, and readers who do not find them convincing will respect their obvious sincerity.

"Better Meals for Less Money" is the beguiling title of a book which, in these times, can hardly fail to appeal to distressed housewives and anxious heads of families. It is the work of Mary Green, formerly an instructor in a cooking school, and it contains seven hundred recipes especially adapted to strenuous times—recipes which require only a small amount of meat, for vegetable dishes which can take the place of meat, for the economical use of cereals and dairy products, for breads, cakes and desserts calling for the minimum of butter and eggs, and for various relishes and accessories. These, with general suggestions looking

toward economy, make the book especially timely. Henry Holt & Co.

Arthur Bullard's modest volume on "Mobilizing America" (The Macmillan Co.)—a book of hardly more than vest-pocket size—is full of wise and practical suggestions regarding the mobilizing of public opinion, of money and munitions, of industry and of men. The question which confronts Congress, the President and the Cabinet at the present moment is whether the United States shall blunder along from one costly mistake to another, or shall avail itself of the experience of the Allies—Great Britain and France in particular—and avoid the mistakes which they have made and which have cost them dearly. Mr. Bullard's suggestions are the fruit of two years' residence in England and France during the strain of war, and of intimate relations with some of the governmental leaders. They are well worth the consideration of the men who are responsible for public affairs; and the more they gain the attention of the man in the street, the more enlightened will be that public opinion upon which, in the last analysis, the government rests.

Out of the war Ramsay Muir, Professor of Modern History at the University of Manchester, has struggled to enunciate the two principles for which Europe is contending, "Nationalism and Internationalism." He accepts frankly the saying of the great Napoleon that only on the basis of triumphant nationalism can an effective internationalism be realized, then goes on to state that to this attempt among modern peoples Germany, Austria and Turkey have been the chief foes. The volume shows vast learning, clear composition, a steady



view of both facts and theories, and is as fair as any book by a patriotic Englishman could be at this time. The history of the growth of these two forces, of the enemies along the way, of the triumphant achievement of men's civilization, is graphically given. The theme is fresh and the matter original, the style clear and forceful. Houghton, Mifflin Co.

To the confirmed pacifist any kind of peace is better than any kind of war; but George D. Herron, whose small but striking volume on "The Menace of Peace," is published by Mitchell Kennerley, is not at all of that way of thinking. "Terrible as the war is," he contends, "the peace which the pacifists propose would be still more terrible." A peace, he insists, that leaves the nations where they were, that recognizes neither victor nor vanquished, that ignores the conflict's causes and questions, that evades all judgment as to the right or wrong of the matter, such a peace would be the last disaster of mankind. The true reason why our civilization is falling in upon itself is because it is based upon the will to power instead of upon the will to love. The progress of German "Kultur," which exemplifies this decadent civilization and is based on the will to power is synonymous with the spiritual destruction of the world. "Humanity," says the author, "is at a standstill before the Prussian sword and system. There can be no peace, nor can the race take another onward step, until that sword and that system are destroyed. The social efficiency of the German State, fundamentally effecting the unmaking of man, is but an inward manifestation of the idea whose outward manifestation is the lawless quest for world-dominion. It is merely the preliminary of the Prussian will to power, the preparatory process of the might that regards itself as superior to right, and as divinely

appointed to destroy the old world and to create a new world in its own monstrous image." There remain but two alternatives—"one is surrender to Prussia, and the other is the extinction of Prussianism." In an hour so stupendous "there is no place for compromise, there is no time for neutrals." If anyone is in doubt as to the right or wrong of any crisis, he has but to observe whence the neutrals receive their protection and applause. There is plenty of evidence to sustain the author's conclusion that it is militarist Prussia that sustains or sends forth the peacemaking emissaries now beclaming the world. He can find neither neutrals nor pacifists who are not secretly hoping or working for a German victory. Only in a defeated Germany can any hope be found for a condition of universal peace. "A peace that left Germany with her weapons in her hands would be no peace, but a preparation for wars immeasurably more terrible than the one that now baffles our hopes for humanity." This is the kind of peace which Mr. Herron regards as a menace to the world and to human progress—a catastrophe immeasurably greater than the continuance of the war. That he has not misstated German aims or under-estimated that sort of spiritual obsession which has seized not only the Kaiser but the leaders of German thought is shown by such utterances as the following, by Professor von Stengel of Munich, at the end of the second year of the war:

The nations, and especially the neutral nations, have only one means of leading a profitable existence. It is to submit to our guidance, which is superior from every point of view. . . . For we not only have the power and force for this mission, but we also possess all the spiritual gifts to the highest degree, and in all creation it is we who constitute the crown of civilization.